THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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SAUCY SUE—ON MEN IN BLUE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MRS. M. F. TUCKER.

I had a beau the other night,
Whose silly words upset me quite:
He talked of love and married life,
And wanted me to be his wife;
But, looking down, I shook my head,
And making answer simply said,
I cannot hear such things from you,—
Because I love a man in blue.

Oh then he raved and foamed and swore
He loved me better—loved me more
Than ever lover did before!
He praised my eyes, my lips, my curls,
And said I was the queen of girls,
His pet, his pride—his darling Sue,—
But yet—I loved the man in blue!

He flourished with his velvet hands,
And told of houses and of lands;
Of mortgage-deeds, and bonds, and such,
(So many value over-much)
Of jewels rare and raiment fine,
Of splendor that should all be mine,
But yet my loyal heart was true,
Nor wavered from the man in blue.

I loved him well—I loved him here,
And held him dearest of the dear,
But when I saw him eager go
To meet the onset of the foe,
'Twas then I read the lines of Fate,
And knew how men would own him great,
And for his noble brow some day
Entwine the laurel and the bay,
In grateful love and homage due
The valor of the man in blue.

I cannot list the tender theme,—
My love is where the bayonets gleam!
Through shriek and shout, and din and roar,
And ghastly dead and crimson gore,
With willing feet that never lag,
He follows still the dear old flag,
The "stars and stripes" our fathers knew
And handed down to these in blue!

Oh men in blue! oh men in blue!
What tender hearts yearn after you!
And eyes as bright as evening star,
Turn where our dear defenders are,
Beholding deeds of daring quite
Outrivalling historic knight,
While Freedom rears her fane anew,
Uplifted by the men in blue.

And one more valiant than the rest,
The noblest, dearest, bravest, best,
Thinks tenderly of me I know,
Loving me faithfully. And so
I told my "hyfalutin" beau,
I rather thought he'd better go,
For 'twas a waste of words to woo
The girl who loves a man in blue.

The moral of this rhyming prose,
Is that you never should propose,
In ordinary kind of clothes;
For all the girls worth having do
Declare they'll have a man in blue!

* * *

A TIPPERARY SHOT.

By the Author of "Myself and my Relatives," "Little Flaggs," &c.

CHAPTER III.

AN INVITATION THANKFULLY ACCEPTED.

As may be supposed, I lost no time in trying to discover as much as possible concerning the family of the Barnetts from our unfailing source of information, Mrs. Conan; I learned that Sir Denis was a Roman Catholic, his sister a Protestant, and that they lived together, without any other relative or companion in the house. They saw a good deal of company occasionally, and sometimes had large parties staying at Knockgriffin when they were at home.

"Is Sir Denis liked in the county?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, very much; a great favorite with the gentlemen about."

"And what kind of landlord does he make?"

"Pretty fair, sir."

"His father met with an unhappy end, did he not?"

"Oh, no, sir; he died in a moment, without any suffering to speak of. They killed him at once, by the first shot."

"And probably Sir Denis expects the same bright fate, Mrs. Conan?"

"I hope not, sir; he may chance to escape, at all events, for a number of years yet; he's a very fine young man, and his sister is a sweet lady. For her sake, I trust he may be spared many a long day over Knockgriffin."

"Amen," murmured I from the depths of my heart.

While so deeply preoccupied as I now was with my love-dream, I became fond of solitary walks. The "Rock" was a special resort at that time, and it is partly owing to this that I still entertain a peculiar reverence and affection for the memory of the ancient ruins round which I wandered, thinking of her whose image was daily becoming more and more impressed upon my mind. How often have I emerged from the barrack gate and strolled out alone towards this favorite point, passing the wretched lanes and hovels that led to it, climbing the stile beside the old gate, gazed at curiously by the cow that was always grazing among the graves; sometimes sitting on a tombstone, sometimes looking at the view of the surrounding country, with the Galtee mountains—Slieve-na-muck, Slieve-na-man, and the Comerragh Hills—bounding the landscape, or more frequently still, looking through my telescope in the direction of Knockgriffin, whose woods were thus brought distinctly to my eye. Heigh ho! those were happy hours, passed away for ever, with all else that is lovely in the days of our first youth, leaving only a bright remembrance to gild the later years of life.

Imagine my happiness on receiving at length the following note from Sir Denis Barnett:—

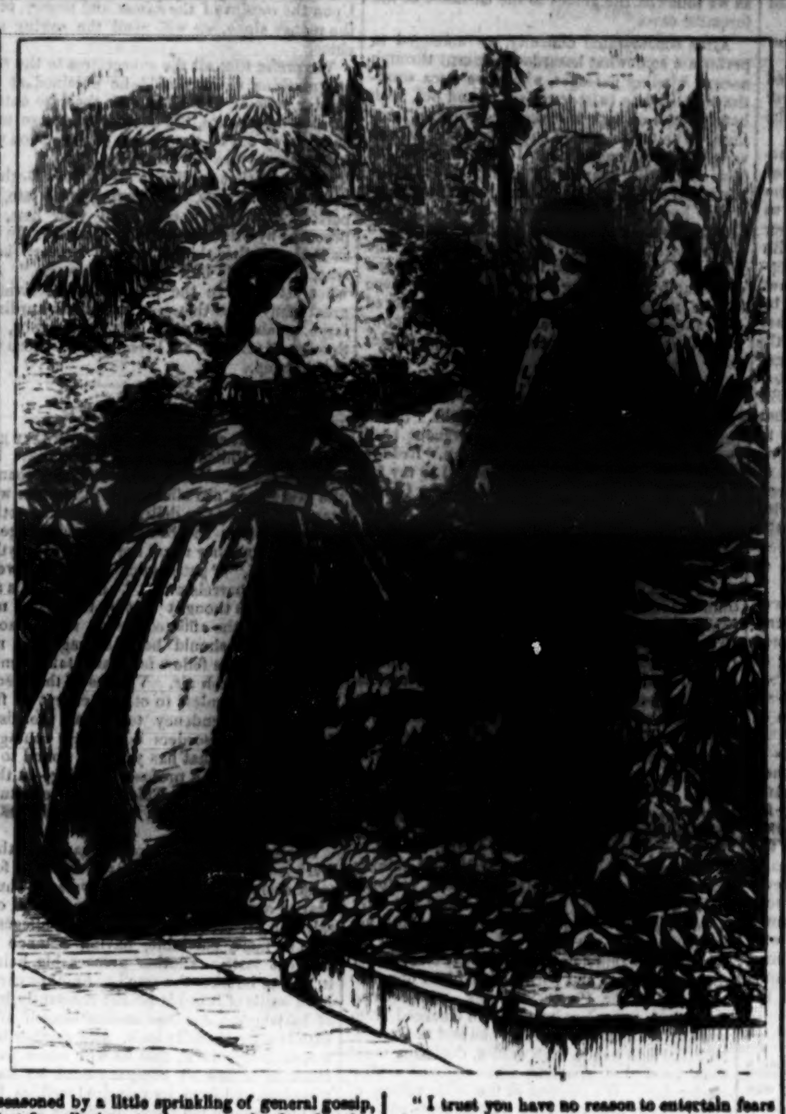
"Dear Captain Stapleton,—Will you give us the pleasure of your company for a few days at Knockgriffin? We expect some friends to remain with us from Tuesday next for a few days' fishing, &c., and would feel most happy if you would join our party. We will dine at seven o'clock on Tuesday next, and will hope to see you then.

"Yours, truly, Denis Barnett."

I wrote an immediate reply, accepting the invitation, and having deputed Travers to take my military duties during my absence from Cashel, made some slight preparations for the important visit. Infatuated though I was, my better sense often represented to me that it was an unwise act to throw myself thus rashly into the society of a woman to whom I could scarcely dare to aspire. Report said that Miss Barnett's fortune was large, (how I wished she had not a penny!) her brother was popular; her family had all been so. People had coupled her name with high alliances already. There were rumors afloat that she had refused a certain viscount, and was even now receiving the addresses of a man of very large fortune in the county, a Sir Percy Stedmole, an Englishman, who had lately become a land-owner in Tipperary, though he only visited his estate there rarely, and was thinking of disposing of it. Mrs. Conan had told me all this, and it was not encouraging. Hopeless though my love might be, I could not resist plunging myself into deeper danger. Worlds would not have tempted me to refuse this invitation to Knockgriffin.

Behold me, then, duly entering the gateway of the demesne at half-past six o'clock on a fine summer evening, my heart beating with pleasant anticipations. A week of happiness was before me: beyond that I dared not venture to look.

I found the drawing-room at Knockgriffin full when I entered it. The guests had already assembled there. They were chiefly men; two elderly ladies in gorgeous caps being the only representatives of the fair sex, besides the peerless enchantress of the mansion. There were one or two dragoons from Cahir, three Tipperary gentlemen, and the (to me) odious baronet, Sir Percy Stedmole, towards whom I instantly conceived a violent aversion. He was a fine-looking man, about five-and-thirty, dressed well, and with the air of a well-bred gentleman, yet I did not like his countenance; perhaps I viewed him with green eyes, and was determined to find something wrong in his appearance. When I entered the room he was talking to Miss Barnett, and as she came forward to greet me I saw that he stood watching us with curious eyes. In those days, reader, I was not a bad-looking young fellow. My height was above six feet, my features tolerably well cut, my *tournure*—well, I do not want to be thought too egotistical, so I will not go on farther than to say that, in my own estimation at least, I was a very fair specimen of humanity, and quite on a par as to looks with my rival Sir Percy, besides being about twelve years junior,—a great advantage in my opinion at that time. We have never such a respect for youth, perhaps, as when we are young ourselves. In going to the dining-room that evening Sir Denis escorted one of the elderly ladies I have mentioned, while Sir Percy was deputed to take charge of the other; and of the six other men present it fell to my happy lot to become the guardian of the young lady of the house. I can scarcely account for how this occurred, but I think it was owing to my own superior courage. Our host had left the room followed by Sir Percy and his companion, and there stood Miss Barnett, who had directed the proceedings so far, unable to appoint an escort for herself, and of course unwilling to leave the room against rule without one, albeit in her own house. A glance f[illegible]our, her eye falling in my direction determined me in an instant. I approached and offered my arm while the other guests were looking at each other in mute indecision, and so won the prize. Never had I talked so much as that day at dinner, not having yet arrived at that stage of love when all animation is suppressed, all conversational powers put to flight. I felt in high spirits, and Miss Barnett seemed to enjoy my company. The dinner was unexceptionable, the appointments all proper, and the servants thoroughly well trained. Two or three times I wondered during the evening as I recollected that this was an Irish dinner-party in the proverbially wild uncivilised Tipperary county. We had a good deal of sporting talk, seasoned by a little sprinkling of general gossip, but few allusions to the propensity for shooting landlords which distinguished the peasantry of the *locale*. I would never have discovered by anything said or done around me that I was not in a hospitable English mansion, excepting perhaps the peculiar but not unpleasant accent of the three Tipperary guests assembled at the board. Once or twice I was conscious that Sir Percy Stedmole was eying me pretty sharply across the table as I talked to Miss Barnett; but the more he looked the more animated I became, being determined to hold my ground bravely. When the ladies retired from the dining-room, I was one of the first to rejoin them, and as Miss Barnett was intimate enough with her lady guests—to both of whom indeed she was nearly related—to take the liberty of leaving them together in the companionship of a somewhat elderly bachelor, named Nugent, she invited me to look over the conservatory opening from the drawing-room, accompanying me herself through long aisles of rare shrubs and exotics, all in full bloom.



"Are you learning to become reconciled to Tipperary, Captain Stapleton?" she asked, as we paused to admire an exquisite Grandiflorus.

"Oh, I like the country greatly," I replied quickly; "the scenery is charming, and the people excessively pleasant. I am afraid we hear sad untruths about Ireland altogether across the Channel, Miss Barnett."

She smiled a little sadly, I thought, and uttered a half-suppressed sigh.

"I wish we lived anywhere else," she said, after a pause.

"Indeed! Then you fear the lawlessness of Tipperary tenants, perhaps."

"And not without cause," she added, fixing her eyes full on my face. "Our family have long been obnoxious to the people about here. You know already, perhaps, how my father fell a victim to the barbarous system of revenge which has become almost a religion of its followers. Of the three country gentlemen who dined with us to-day, there is not one who has not had a dear relative murdered in this county—one a father, another a brother, a third an uncle. Is it any wonder I shudder as I think of such things?"

"The ladies at least, it is to be hoped, are deemed sacred from such assaults," said I.

"Oh, they only murder women through their feelings," she replied. "They never care how many widows' and orphans' hearts are broken. Revenge is their sole thought and aim."

"It's a pitty Sir Denis does not sell his property in Tipperary and reside elsewhere."

"He can never do that," she answered resolutely, "and even if he could he would not. Nothing would induce him to part with the home of his ancestors. I only wish most ardently that it lay in any other part of Ireland—anywhere else in the world!"

"I trust you have no reason to entertain fears about your brother's safety."

"Every day of my life I have fears; I can scarcely say I *feel* a moment's peace, and now especially, as there is some difficulty in getting one or two tenants to move out of their houses on the estate, I am doubly anxious. My brother wishes to extend the plantations and take in part of the Cappamoyne lands that have always been previously let to tenants, and this must undoubtedly cause ill-feeling, though he has promised every compensation in his power."

My companion spoke with great earnestness, and I saw tears standing in her eyes, though the evening light had now grown faint. My heart beat somewhat quicker as she thus made me the confidant of her anxiety, and I ardently wished that it was in my power to shield her from all care. At that moment I recalled to mind the incident I have before mentioned as occurring during my ride to Cashel from Knockgriffin after my first visit there, and it struck me more forcibly than ever that the man I had seen peering at me through the hedge might have been lying in wait for Sir Denis Barnett.

"Does your brother experience any anxiety at this time?" I asked.

"Not in the least. Like almost all Tipperary landlords who choose to live on their property, he finds it necessary to cast aside all doubts and fears. Unless armed with a never-failing courage, a landowner in this county would, as it were, suffer a hundred deaths in the year. Denis is determined to dread no one or nothing, and never to flinch from any act that he thinks proper among his tenantry. Where I he I would just do the same; but you see, Captain Stapleton, the misfortune is our lot being cast as it is. We are Tipperary people. We do not wish to abandon our ancestral home; thus we must only be brave and bear things heroically, if possible."

We were now at the further end of the conservatory, and opening the door that led to a tastefully planned pleasure-ground, my companion stepped out. The moon had already risen, a few stars trembled in the sky, the air was perfumed with many odors of fragrant shrubs glistening in the silvery softened light. There was not a breath of air stirring, no sound save the hoarse cry of the train coming from distant meadows. Had it been England we might have had the song of a nightingale to charm the ear, but one of the wants of Ireland is the absence of this warbler of summer evenings. As if unconsciously, Miss Barnett passed on through the grounds and I could only follow her course obediently. She seemed rather pre-occupied, and this lent her a new interest in my eyes, but animated or pensive, grave or gay, sad or merry, it was all pretty much the same to me now. I was already very far on the way to falling in love, if not altogether arrived at that state. When we turned to go back to the house we met Sir Percy Stedmole who had also passed out of the conservatory to take a stroll in the moonlight.

"Not afraid of taking cold, Miss Barnett?" he asked, as he flung away the cigar he had commenced to smoke.

"Not on such a night as this, Sir Percy," she replied, a little frigidly, I thought; "you know we wild Tipperary women do not dread wind and weather, like your English ladies."

"I wish our English women were half as charming as their Irish sisters," he added, in a low tone that jarred upon me.

"Do not be false even for compliment sake, Sir Percy. You know you have an undervaluing opinion of everything Irish. You have never got rid of your English prejudices."

"Pardon, my fair traducer. Whatever I may think of this ill-starred country, I would be blind or a fool if I attempted to deny the beauty and grace of the gentler portion of its inhabitants."

"But that much of concession will never satisfy a true-born Irish woman; we want more than admiration for ourselves,—we must have sympathy, justice, pity, and allowances made with sincerity for the failings of the whole people. The *Sassenach* who comes among us prepared only to see faults and condemn, will never find favor even though he make an exception on the side of feminine loveliness. You hear me, Captain Stapleton, so take warning in time."

She opened the conservatory door while speaking and passed on towards the drawing-room, while I mentally exclaimed, "She is peerless, let her belong to what country she may!"

We had music during the evening, and while Miss Barnett sang Sir Percy hung over her chair, turning the leaves of her music-book pertinaciously, and evidently desirous of being most agreeable and attentive; yet it seemed to my jealous fancy that she did not receive his advances encouragingly, though perhaps I could judge little from that. Women are so bound by conventional rules that they seldom permit observers to understand their real feelings with regard to an unacknowledged courtship. I was very uneasy about the matter, and at times full of despair when I thought of my paltry income and my want of any better prospect for the future. Of course I experienced many silly feelings that perhaps I might not at that time have confessed for worlds.

The chamber allotted to me at Knockgriffin was large, luxurious, and elegant, bespeaking the wealth and taste of the owner of the mansion, like the rest of the premises. As I was passing through the hall on my way to this room, when we had separated for the night, I observed Sir Denis making a survey of the doors and windows with some care.

"You are obliged to be careful in barricading the houses about here, I suppose?" said I *en passant*; "it would never do in Tipperary to trust marauders with any opening."

My host shook his head and smiled.

"On the contrary, our care must be on the other side; we must not lock or bar our doors or windows at all. This large door will merely be fastened by a latch to-night, and all the windows, except those of the occupied bedrooms, will remain unshuttered. If we attempted to betray fear in Tipperary, we would only hurry on what we dreaded."

"And you are thus exposed to the mercy of any burglar or assassin who may choose to walk into the house?"

"It has always been our custom to act so, and no one has ever attempted to enter the house at night. We are murdered here in the broad light of day, Captain Stapleton. We have nothing to fear from night attacks in our own homes."

"Pleasant quarters," thought I, as I passed on to my room, glad that I was to be permitted to have shutters at least to the windows there, and I am not ashamed to say that I locked my door too. I could not divest myself of a certain uneasy feeling regarding the probability of having my throat cut before morning if I neglected to take measures for my safety. The idea of sleeping in a house whose doors and windows were left in such a state as to invite the easy ingress of robbers or other lawless ruffians, struck me as being singular in the extreme. I dare say I was as brave as most men, but I had no particular fancy for being murdered in my sleep.

"And so here I am, under the roof of an unpopular Tipperary landlord," cogitated I as I opened my window and looked out, "in the heart of a lawless district, and obliged to seek repose with as much chance of security as if I were in a forest surrounded by wild beasts."

Very peaceful was the prospect without. The moon was shining clearly on the park and distant woods, its pale light glancing on the narrow belt of the Suir that wound in and out through the trees. For a long time I stood looking on the silent scene before me, then I softly closed the window and hurried to bed, to dream of the fair enchantress of this Tipperary home.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MOUNTAIN CAVES.

Next morning, as previously arranged, Sir Denis and his male guests were up at cock-crow to enjoy some capital trout-fishing. Our party consisted of the host, Sir Percy Stedmole, a cor-into Tom Nugent of a [illegible] called [illegible]nity, a somewhat [illegible] bachelor, who told wonderful stories on all subjects, and the two dragoons from Cahir, Captain St. John and Mr. Morley. We all enjoyed ourselves very much, and returned home to breakfast as hungry as hawks. How charming Miss Barnett looked presiding over the breakfast table—how exquisite the repast with its fresh country delicacies, its adornment of fragrant flowers, its cheerfulness adding to the vigor of our appetites.

"Have you settled on any sight-seeing for the afternoon, Denis?" asked Miss Barnett, as we were all seated at table.

"I was thinking of the Galtee Mountain Caves," replied our host. "The ride would be a long one, but well repaid by the scenery on the way, and the Caves are really wonderful. What do you say, Captain Stapleton? As the greatest stranger in these parts, your vote will decide us."

"I am all in favor of the Caves, provided Miss Barnett has no objection to the plan," replied I.

"Will your horse be able for such a distance?" asked Sir Percy, bending his head towards Miss Barnett, who sat next to him.

"Oh, yes, perfectly; her foot is quite well now, and a little exercise will be of use."

"But such a number of miles," remonstrated Sir Percy.

"Never fear," said the lady positively. "Ryan says it is able for anything now."

"We had better start early, Louisa," observed Sir Denis. "We cannot afford to loiter over our preparations. Are we all agreed about the excursion to the Caves?"

St. John and Morley answered in the affirmative for themselves, and Nugent and Sir Percy had to give in also, though neither of them seemed to care for so long a ride. Most of us had our own horses, but even if we had not our host would have been able to provide us all with efficient steeds, for his stables were well supplied with some of the finest animals I ever saw. Orders having been given for the horses to be put in readiness, we lost no time after breakfast in setting forth on our long ride, and I ardently hoped that it might be my good fortune to get beside Miss Barnett on the way, but, to my chagrin and disappointment, I saw at once that Sir Percy Stedmole was determined to secure that happiness for himself. He rode immediately to her side, like a privileged individual, and going in advance of the party, both were soon out of hearing as regarded their conversation. I grew sulky on the spot, and lagging behind, kept with Tom Nugent, while Sir Denis rode with the dragoons.

"Sir Percy Stedmole seems very intimate at Knockgriffin," said I to Nugent.

"Oh, ay, you know he's a distant relative of the Barnetts; one of them married a generation or too ago into an English family named Stedmole, and he's grandson or something of the kind."

"Has he a large property?"

Nugent shook his head, and the corners of his mouth sank slightly as he answered,

"Over head and ears in debt; his estate in England is mortgaged to the last acre, and he's trying hard to sell off Shurraghnick, his place here in Tipperary, but that's not altogether for difficulties; he don't relish the notion of living in this county or having anything to say to the tenants down there. A man has no business in these parts unless he has a good stock of devil-me-carism in his composition; he must be born to it as it were. Poor Sir Percy doesn't much fancy riding out in Tipperary, especially with Sir Denis, for he's as good as a marked man now-a-days, all about those Cappamoyne lands that he's wanting to take in as part of the demesne."

"But that could not affect the safety of Sir Percy?" said I.

"Oh, it could. Sometimes people get killed in mistake, you know. Supposing a shot was fired at Sir Denis, it might chance to take a wrong aim. There have been instances of that in Tipperary. Watch Sir Percy now, and you'll see he'll keep close to Miss Barnett all day if he can, he won't meddle with her brother at all. Ha! ha!"

And Nugent laughed heartily. His own uncle, be it known, had been shot some five years previously. He certainly appeared gifted with a happy amount of devil-may-carism. As to our handsome host, he seemed devoid of all anxiety upon any subject: he talked pleasantly all the way, pointing out every bit of scenery worth looking at with evident pride in his strange wild county.

"Sir Percy is deeply in debt to Barnett as well as to many another, you see," continued Nugent; "and so he comes over to Knockgriffin now and then to keep friends with him. It's always there he stays when he comes to Tipperary; though I daresay he won't fancy the place long, since Barnett is beginning to quarrel with his tenants."

"Was there not some idea of Miss Barnett marrying Sir Percy?" I asked, while my heart grew icy.

"A rumor merely, from his intimacy at the house. It's my belief Barnett would not like him for a brother-in-law at all, though he may tolerate him as a guest."

"But surely the lady herself is the best judge of her own choice in the matter," said I.

"Oh, of course; but I don't see much love on her part for him. She's a good catch, that same Louisa Barnett. Thirty thousand pounds—every penny of it, and a lovely girl besides."

Here I could not refrain from sighing almost audibly. I detested the thoughts of the thirty thousand pounds; yet there was something encouraging in Nugent's statement concerning Stedmole's difficulties and involvments.

"Miss Barnett might barter her fortune for the baronetcy," resumed my loquacious companion; "but otherwise I wouldn't say she'd accept Sir Percy. He's a fine-looking fellow enough, but somehow I think she'd prefer an Irishman to him. She's terribly patriotic, as you'll find out."

My heart grew still more icy as I asked—

"And is there any Irishman in particular that you think Miss Barnett has a preference for?"

"Oh, not one at present. She has refused several offers already; but I think, from what she says, she will never marry an Englishman."

"I should imagine she would not throw herself away on any Tipperary man," thought I, as I recalled her conversation of the previous evening. "It is bad enough for her to have a brother in danger of his life every hour, without running the risk of suffering a like anxiety about a husband."

Our ride was a long one, and took us through a wildly picturesque part of the county. Southwards we obtained fine views of several ranges of mountains, and, as we approached the Galtees, behold some bold and commanding scenery. Upon reaching the remarkable caves in these mountains, two guides were procured for our benefit, with the necessary accompaniments of candles and ladders.

"I do not suppose that each of us as have [illegible] through these caverns need repeat the feat," said Sir Percy, as we were preparing to enter a narrow sloping passage, three or four feet high and upwards of thirty in length, which presented a most dismal aspect, and terminated in a vertical precipice, to be descended by a ladder about sixteen feet in depth. The sight of this dull limestone lane was certainly not very promising, though it opened at length into one of the most splendid and wonderful caves in the world.

Stedmole had settled it that only Sir Denis and Morley should accompany me through the mountain hollows, when, probably to his chagrin, Miss Barnett declared her intention of making one of the explorers also, saying that there was a particular point of the cavern that she had never yet penetrated to.

"You can walk about with Mr. Nugent and Captain St. John," she said to Sir Percy, "while we are encountering the fatigues of our subterranean journey," and she took her brother's arm as we followed the guides to the entrance of the foremost cave.

After considerable difficulty, we managed to perform a somewhat hazardous descent through narrow winding passages, where we were sometimes obliged to twist ourselves in and out, with barely room enough to make the necessary turnings. The task required so much nerve, as well as physical strength, that I was surprised at Miss Barnett's courage in going through the labor and risk. In one passage, extending nearly one hundred yards, much of which we were obliged to traverse through a space barely two feet square, one could not help imagining the horror of being enclosed there beyond the hope of rescue by the rolling down of a stone or piece of the rocks surrounding us. We explored several caverns, and I was obliged to acknowledge that I had rarely seen anything grander than these natural halls, with their massive columns, pyramids of spar, and the glittering gems of stalactites and stalagmites, shining like immense diamonds in the candle-light. Sometimes the effect produced was as gorgeous as if conjured up by the wand of a magician. Reader, if ever you visit Tipperary, do not fail to try for a peep at these wonders of nature in the Galtee mountains. I, at least, would not have missed the sight for a good deal. Perhaps, however, I had more to interest me than the mere beauties of spary pillars, glistening crystals, and shining stalagmites. Now and then it was my good fortune to touch the fair hand of the lady who accompanied us in our explorations as I assisted her in some difficult ascent or descent. Often we stood together, uttering murmurs of wonder and admiration. The fairy-like scenes opened occasionally to our view had a subduing effect on the mind—at least it had on mine—and I felt a sort of exaltation impossible to describe while in the presence of the fair enchantress, who might have been considered the presiding genius of the magic halls. Once I was very nearly on the point of a regular declaration of undying love, forgetting all common sense and discretion; but the voice of Sir Denis, calling to us to admire the effect of the candlelight shining upon a congregation of minute crystals, restored me to a sense of my position. I know not why it was, but the fact of Miss Barnett having accompanied the party that I was attached to during the excursion through the caves rather encouraged me; and perhaps it had an opposite effect upon Sir Percy Stedmole, who seemed somewhat out of sorts when we emerged from our explorations and rejoined him and the others. Miss Barnett was in high spirits, declaring more than once that she had never enjoyed a pleasanter day. We stopped at the little village of Cloghone to procure some refreshment, and put the poor landlord of the humble inn there at his wits ends to know what to do for us. Being pretty hungry, however, we were not so squeamish as he might have expected, and we drank atrocious wine, and devoured some fried trout with the best grace imaginable. Once again we were on horseback, *en route* for Knockgriffin, in the fading light of the summer evening; and as Miss Barnett had notes to compare with me respecting the day's adventure, I was privileged to take my place by her side for the greater part of the way home. And now we spoke of natural curiosities in foreign lands—the wonders of Italy, France, Germany; and she promised to show me some drawings she had made of ruined castles on the Rhine, and other scenes. We became deeply buried in conversation, our mutual acquaintance with many continental landscapes and other subjects in common giving us plenty to speak of. Sir Percy rode pertinaciously with St. John and Nugent, while Sir Denis kept with young Morley. Miss Barnett and I seemed often to lag far behind the rest of the party, insomuch that I thought that evening ride over lonely Tipperary roads, with the warm breeze coming to us ever and anon loaded with the perfume of fresh grass and clover blossoms, or the wild roses in the hedgerows, one of the most delicious reminiscences of my life. I was rapidly coming to the conclusion that I would cheerfully undertake to be transformed into the most unpopular landlord in the county, with the chance of a bullet whizzing at me from behind every fragrant hedge we passed, if by doing so I could secure the favor of the beautiful Irish woman at my side. When we came near the precincts of Knockgriffin I observed that Miss Barnett hurried the pace of her horse till we got near Sir Denis, and then she kept close beside him.

"These are the Cappamoyne lands, Captain Stapleton," she said, pointing in the direction of a flat piece of ground laid out in patches of meadow and fields of various crops, studded here and there with small cottages. "You see, they adjoin the north woods, and from this point of view look very badly; yet, for all that, I would not attempt to disturb the present occupants of the cabins, did I not agree with Sir Denis that they will be much better off in the new dwellings he intends to provide for them."

The moon was now rising, and glancing with soft lustre upon that level stretch of land which might yet prove so disastrous a possession to its proprietor. I looked at it a little solemnly, and felt almost inclined to echo the sigh that my fair friend uttered as we slowly turned down the road leading to the principal gateway of Knockgriffin.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ CAUTION.—The other day, a lady, while stooping over her sewing-machine, suddenly got a most painful stitch in her side.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOV'BER 26, 1864.

THE COMING YEAR.

In order to give plenty of time to those desirous of making up Clubs for THE POST, as well as for THE LADY'S FRIEND, we insert the Prospectus of each periodical in the present number.

The only difference between the terms in the Prospectuses, and those we have had standing for some weeks past, is in the offer of a SEWING MACHINE on certain conditions.

This offer is as low as we can make it, and our terms will not be deviated from. It must be remembered that the price of the machine—which is Wheeler & Wilson's No. 3, the same as that heretofore offered by us—has advanced from forty-five to fifty-five dollars.

In making up the Clubs, some may prefer taking the paper, some the magazine, while others may take both. Thus, in a club of forty, there may be twenty subscribers to THE POST, and twenty to THE LADY'S FRIEND—it matters not to us what proportion of each, so there be forty subscribers in all, with the one hundred dollars. Upon the receipt of the names and money, or of the money alone, we will send the sewing machine.

We prefer that all the subscribers to the sewing machine clubs should be obtained at the regular price of $2.50. In case they are obtained at a lower rate, the balance of course must be made up out of the pocket of the person who wishes to procure the machine.

One word that applies to all Clubs. Begin to get them up *at once*. By leaving it too late, the persons you rely upon to fill your lists, are procured by others who are more active. In this as in many other things, the old proverb holds true, "The early bird catches the worm." And we trust to have the pleasure of receiving a great many clubs this year, and of forwarding a large number of POSTS, LADY'S FRIENDS, and SEWING MACHINES as Premiums to those who get them up.

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THE OIL FEVER.

This fever is at present raging with very great virulence in Philadelphia and New York. It at first attacked gentlemen only—but now many of the gentler sex are affected by it. In its worst stage it amounts to delirium, and is sometimes termed "oil on the brain." In this stage the patient can neither think nor speak of anything except "oil," "petroleum," "flowing wells," and "1,000 barrels a day." Even in this state however, it is thought best by the wisest medical men that the afflicted person should not be confined, but should be encouraged to move about among his fellow men, and take plenty of exercise and fresh air. Victims of this disorder are entirely harmless to others, except so far as they have a tendency to spread the disease, these nervous disorders being very contagious. The only thing that has yet been found to cure this complaint is a profuse bleeding—in the region of the pocket. This is very effectual in curing the fever, though it also sometimes kills the patient.

One of the most curious vagaries of this oil fever is the notion that petroleum is fit for almost every purpose in the universe. Thus we hear of a gentleman who eats the coal oil on his salad, in preference to olive oil, and alleges it to be far more palatable, having a much more pungent taste. Another greases his hair with it, saying he likes the smell. Another carries a little bottle of it in his pocket constantly, instead of hartshorn. Another anoints himself all over with it after his daily bath. And another is such a connoisseur in it, that he will never buy any stock in a new oil company until he has first tasted the oil from its principal well, as he has an idea he can tell from the flavor whether the flow is likely to be permanent.

Well, we do not wonder at these things. The like have been in all ages, and doubtless will continue to be to the end of time. Men tire of the dull and regular course of life, and seek anything that will break the slow monotony. There are worse fevers than even oil on the brain.

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SHERMAN.

Hood's great flanking movement, in imitation of those of Sherman, will probably not be attended with as favorable results as he and Beauregard have hoped. Superiority in force seems to be essential to the proper workings of the flanking system. Sherman, having been largely reinforced, seems to have left an army under Gen. Thomas to check Hood, and then, with the main body of his men, returned to Atlanta, with the design of carrying the war into Africa. Hood—or perhaps we ought to say Beauregard, for the latter is supposed to have the chief command—has left the door open to the very inner portion of the South, and Sherman has taken advantage of the opportunity, and bravely entered in.

Where is Sherman going? The late Southern advices, which report him bound to Selma, would seem to favor the idea of Mobile. But there is absolutely nothing, it would seem, to prevent his going to Pensacola, and from that, as a new base, striking blow after blow at the very heart of rebeldom. From Mobile or Pensacola, as a new base, he may advance his army again, and locate himself at Montgomery or Macon. Or it may be his intention to move at once against Savannah or Charleston, and make one of these his new base of supplies.

The country, however, has great confidence in General Sherman, alike in his genius and his prudence. He will scarcely attempt anything that is liable to fail, and the mere fact of his attempting a thing, of itself almost proves its practicability. Keen sword of the Republic, may he cleave his brilliant way even to the very heart of the rebellion, and there divide and conquer!

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

EMILY MAYLAND; or, THE FAITHFUL GOVERNESS. By M. H. COX. Philadelphia: Jas. B. Rodgers, 52 and 54 North Sixth street. A story of a lovely young northern lady, who accepts the post of governess to the two motherless, neglected children of Mr. De Lacy, a southern planter; and, by her sensible, religious treatment, restores them from ill-behaved nuisances to their rightful estate of peaceable little lambs; winning, meanwhile, the heart of the father, to whom she is happily married at the end.

THE MERCHANT MECHANIC. A Tale of "New England Athens." By MARY A. HOWE. Published by John Bradburn, New York, and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

THE IRVINGTON STORIES. By M. E. DODGE. Illustrated by Darley. Published by J. O'Kane, New York; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

SACRED AND LEGENDARY ART. By MRS. JAMESON. In two volumes, blue and gold. Containing the Patron Saints, Martyrs, Early Bishops, &c., as represented in the Fine Arts. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

A NEW ATMOSPHERE. By GAIL HAMILTON, author of "Country Living and Country Thinking," &c. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila. An earnest, thoughtful book, but one-sided and narrow.

UNCLE NAT; or, The Good Time which George and Frank Had, Trapping, Fishing, Camping Out, &c. By ALFRED OLDFELLOW. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

LYRA ANGLICANA; or, A HYMNAL OF SACRED POETRY. Selected from the best English writers, and arranged after the Order of the Apostles' Creed. By the Rev. GEORGE T. RIDER, M. A. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

ESSAYS, MORAL, POLITICAL AND AESTHETIC. By HERBERT SPENCER, author of "Illustrations of Universal Progress," &c. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia. We commend this volume to the attention of all serious and thoughtful minds. An article upon "The Morals of Trade" will probably strike all reflective business men as containing far more truth, sad as that truth is, than is usually found in the works of moralists who have no practical knowledge of the matters treated of.

THE PIGEON PIE. A Tale of Roundhead Times. By MISS YONGE, author of "The Heir of Redcliffe," &c. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE. A novel by MISS M. E. BRADDON, author of Lady Audley's Secret," &c. Published by Dick & Fitzgerald, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

DECEMBER MONTHLIES. We acknowledge the receipt of Harper's Monthly from J. B. Lippincott & Co. Philadelphia; The Atlantic Monthly, from the publishers, Ticknor & Fields; and Harper's Pictorial History of the War, No. 8.

MUSIC.—Oh, I Wish this War was Over. As sung by Miss Ada Webb. Written and composed by WILL S. HAYS. Published by D. P. Faulds, Louisville, Ky.

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English and French Marriages.

The difference between the customs of England and France, in regard to marriages, are well portrayed in the following article. As marriages in this country follow the English rule pretty much, the comparison will be found quite interesting:—

"At a party given in Paris lately, the conversation turned upon English and French marriages and as several Frenchmen of note who had married English wives were present, the discussion was based on tolerably correct knowledge. Most of those present objected strongly to the English way of bringing up the daughters of wealthy houses in all the luxurious habits of their fathers' homes. Their riding-horse, their maids, their affluence of amusement, when, if the question of marriage arose—say to a young man of equal birth and education, but who had his way to make in the world—the father of the young lady could rarely pay any money down. It was even doubtful if he could make her an annual allowance; hardly ever one commensurate with the style in which she had been accustomed to live. In all probability a younger child's portion would be hers when her father died; when either the two lovers had given up all thoughts of uniting their fates, or when perhaps they no longer needed it, having had force of character enough to face poverty together, and had won their way upwards to competence. The tardy five or ten thousand pounds would have been invaluable once, that comes too late to many a one; so they said. They added that the luxurious habits of English girls, and the want of due provision for them on the part of their fathers, made both children and parents anxious and worldly in the matter of wedlock. The girls knew that as soon as their fathers died they must quit their splendid houses, and give up many of those habits and ways which had become necessary to them, and their parents knew this likewise; and hence the unwomanly search for rich husbands on the part of the mothers and daughters, which they maintained the existence of in England.

"Now, said our French friends, look at a household in our country; in every rank it is the custom to begin to put by a marriage portion for a girl as soon as she is born. A father would think he was neglecting a duty if he failed to do this just as much as if he starved the little creature. Our girls are brought up simply; luxury and extravagance with us belong to the married women. When his daughter is eighteen or twenty, a good father begins to look about him, and inquire into the characters of the different young men of his acquaintance. He observes them, or his wife does so more efficiently; and when they have settled that such a youth will suit their daughter, they name the portion they can give their child to the young man's father or to some common friend. In reply they are possibly informed that Monsieur Alphonse's education has cost so much; that he is now an *avocat* in a fair way to earn a considerable income, but at present, unable to marry unless the young lady can contribute her share not merely her pin-money but a *bona fide* share towards the joint expenses of housekeeping. Or he is a son of a man of property—property somewhat involved at present, but could it be released from embarrassment by the payment of an immediate sum of money, his father would settle a certain present income upon the young people, and so on. My friends said that there was no doubt whatever that if, after these preliminary matters of business were arranged, either the young man or the girl did not entirely like each other on more intimate acquaintance, the proposed marriage would fall through in the majority of French families, and no undue influence would be employed to compel either party into what they disliked. But in general the girl has not been allowed to be on intimate terms with any one till her parents' choice steps forward and is allowed by them to court her notice. And as for the young fellow, it has been easy enough for him to see enough of the young lady to know whether he can fancy her or not, before it comes to the point when it is necessary that he should take any individually active steps in the affair."

The Paris Fashions.

The [illegible] in Paris during the past month has caused great uncertainty as to the probable fashion for out-of-door garments for the winter. All those made at present, however, have a tendency to be cut much shorter than last year. Paletots, half fitting and wholly loose-fitting ones, are made short, with deep pockets, a profusion of gimp and jet ornaments, according to the material they are made of, and all displaying buttons of the most exaggerated size. Some of these are already beginning to show themselves in velvets, but, in general, fancy woolen stuffs have been most in vogue as looking more [illegible]. Of these articles there is one called [illegible], which aims at representing a [illegible] colored [illegible], either gray upon white or white upon gray, and in some cases wholly black. These are made up into short jackets, exactly like pilots' coats, or rather like the pea-jackets of old, and are sported by very fast young ladies, for whom nothing can be provided of too masculine a cut or texture.

For more feminine wearers, let us now take a glance at bonnets, which will continue throughout the winter very much what they promise now. A great many tulle and lace bonnets are worn at this moment, which have the advantage of being light on the head and of having a *demi-saison* look about them. The *bavolet* is as usual suppressed, and a sort of *fanchon* of lace, intermingled with long ends of velvet, replaces it at the back. Jet beads and black ornaments, such as balls and chains, or imaginary buckles, are much employed in the trimming, and the front has likewise either a bell-like fringe hanging over the undercap, or pear-shaped beads forming a similar fringe. Flowers are placed at the side, or quite at the back of the bonnet, and in front a single flower placed high on one side. Nothing in fact can be smaller than the bonnet of the present day, which may be said to consist of a band a few inches wide in front, with a half *pointe* affixed at the back. Feather fringes are also worn on very dressy velvet or tulle and satin bonnets, and are very soft and becoming.

At a fashionable wedding which took place yesterday, the bride being a Miss Lee, of New York, and the bridegroom a Prince Oscar, of the Holstein family—a brother, indeed, it is said, of the present Queen of Denmark—a great many elegant toilettes were to be seen. The ages of the happy pair show somewhat of a discordance, the young lady being some five-and-twenty years of age, and the noble suitor nearer on the side of seventy. But one cannot have everything in this world, and it is not every day that a prince of nearly blood-royal pairs with a simple gentlewoman. The marriage took place at one of the Protestant chapels of this city, as well as at the United States Embassy and at the Mairie. A great many distinguished foreigners were present, as were many Americans now in Paris. The white lama lace burnous, which became so fashionable last spring, were predominant, as it might be remarked were the shades of blue and of *mauve*, chiefly worn with white tulle and blonde bonnets.

Some very pretty novelties have come out in the way of half-dress pocket-handkerchiefs.—These are made not quite round, but the corners cut off, with colored vignettes and frills to correspond, or else a pattern of dots worked in colored embroidery, and a flounce equally embroidered sewn at the edge. The frill is sometimes edged with a very fine narrow Valenciennes lace, which makes the handkerchief more dressy. Another style is a bee or a butterfly embroidered at the corners, a narrow Valenciennes edging surrounding either insect. But newer than all these are the morning handkerchiefs, in *batiste Eerne*, or sun-bleached cambric, with either a line of color all round, or a device at each corner, consisting of a dog's or boar's head, or a hunting whip, or trumpet, or in fact any other design recalling the chase and its emblems! The well-known house in the Rue de la Paix, which showed me this new style of handkerchiefs, assured me it was impossible to supply the demand for them which came pouring in, and that to the young Duchess of Sutherland alone they had expedited a few days ago, no less than several dozens of these fanciful morning requisites. In imitation of them, there were also some half handkerchiefs, or *pointes*, of the same material, embroidered in a similar style, intended to be worn round the neck in the morning. These latter were, in some cases, trimmed with narrow black lace, which had a very good effect.—*Cor. of North American.*

☞ RUSSELL'S RULE OF TWO.—"The Vienna journals publish advices from Athens, stating that Earl Russell had addressed a note to the Greek Cabinet, declaring that England recognised no factions in Greece, and condemned anarchical demonstrations. Earl Russell further stated that, in case of necessity, England would, in conjunction with France and Russia, take measures for the maintenance of order and the strengthening of the reigning dynasty."

The reasons are patent for non-intervention
  When Tartar on Pole sets his hoof;
Or, when Pruss to rob Dane shows the barefaced
    intention,
  Our policy still's "stand aloof."
But if Hellas turn restive, with France we will
    crush a
  First effort to break the king's peace;
What's sauce for such large geese as Russia and
    Prussia,
  Isn't sauce for small ganders like Greece.

—London Punch.

☞ At the last sitting of the Paris Academy of Science, a paper was received from Dr. Blanchet on constitutional lethargic slumber. One case was that of a lady, twenty-four years of age, who, having slept for forty days at the age of eighteen, and fifty days at the age of twenty, during her honeymoon, at length had a fit of sleep which lasted nearly a whole year, from Easter Sunday, 1862, to March, 1863. During this long period a false front tooth had to be taken out in order to introduce milk and broth into her mouth. This was her only food; she remained motionless, insensible, and all her muscles were in state of contraction. Her pulse was low, her breathing scarcely perceptible; there were no evacuations, no leanness; her complexion was florid and healthy.

☞ Look out for your commas. The Chief Constable of a Canadian village certified that he had arrested a man "for attempting to marry his wife, being alive." And a clergyman was lately depicting before a deeply-interested audience the alarming increase of intemperance, when he astonished his hearers by exclaiming: "A young woman in my neighborhood died very suddenly last Sabbath, while I was preaching the Gospel in a state of beastly intoxication!"

A PAGAN TEMPLE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

It is curious to reflect that, while many denominations of Christians are making strenuous efforts to propagate the principles of our religion among the people of China, they erect their temples and fill them with idols in the very shadow of Christian churches here. There was one recently completed on an alley leading south from Dupont street near Broadway, and the devotees of the reigning deity are having a very "serious awakening." The Chinese people are not very particular as to what particular god they worship, and many of their divinities, when they fail to respond to the desires of their worshippers, lose their reputations and are cast aside.

Among those here, the chief deity is called Josh, or Joss, and so far maintains a fair reputation. The new temple is three stories high, and Josh sits in the upper story. The front of the temple, above the first story, is open and finished in the form of a lofty arch. In the front of the ground apartments is an open court, where the dignitaries burn fire crackers and various other pyrotechnical articles for the purpose of pleasing Josh, or frightening away intrusive devils. On the second floor is a room—a sort of reception-room; upon a table, in the centre, stands a beautiful little case of liquor bottles and glasses, so recently profaned by the sacrilegious conduct of certain members of the city press. Against the wall at the rear of the apartment is fastened an indifferent picture, representing, in full size and modern Chinese costume, an ancient individual, who, as a sacred worthy said, lived to be five hundred years old, became the father of one hundred sons, and rejoiced in the remoter multiplication of himself into one thousand grandsons, all, we are bound to conclude, resembling their venerable ancestor—so far, at least, as facial angles, nasal protuberances, and oblique orbital sockets, are concerned. He is furnished by the artist with very long hair and beard, and the aspect of his countenance is rather serious. He seems to be satisfied with the offerings of liquor and the perfume of a few consecrated incense tapers burning before him. Visitors are seated at his left—according to the Chinese idea of the place of honor—which is the reverse of ours; for the sheep are in the right, while the goats stand on the left, in the Christian theology. At about two o'clock P. M. an express wagon was backed up before the door, laden with three or four hogs and sheep, and a large quantity of chickens, etc., most of them cooked whole. Upon the arrival of these offerings there was a tremendous rattle and clatter of drums and cymbals, a shrieking of reed pipes and explosion of squibs, as if a great band of the gorilla species had got out of their whinyards and started on the terrible war-path after buzzards. The priests, clad in long robes of blue silk, fastened at the waist by girdles, filed out of the temple and sat down on stools in the street, while Celestial mudsills and the awe-struck Irish wagoner carried the offerings in. At the left of Josh's image are placed a large bell and a drum, and it seems to be Chinese orthodoxy to believe that the spirit of the divinity is in paradise, except when summoned to inhabit the ruddy, red-faced, rotund, pot-clay image of a mighty Chinaman, by taps upon the drum and a quick fire-alarm ringing of the great bell. When the attendants yesterday brought the roast pig, etc., into the court before the image, and the worshippers came, surrounded by fourteen or fifteen priests, it was a signal for Josh to be summoned. The drum was struck, the bell tolled, the fat musicians blew their six-note reed pipes till their cheeks seemed ready to burst, and the crackers below rattled like musketry.

It might be expected that the image, when inhabited by the divinity, would get up and move around, but it sat still. The chickens were cooked and arranged in fantastic shapes, some of them painted, furnished with heads like men, with cotton hair and bouquets of artificial flowers in their hands. Around the tail of the roast pig was wrapped a piece of red paper. The sheep was not roasted, but lay on a large pan like the hog, with its head supported by wooden props. The offering being ready, and Josh in the image, the devotees stood before the first altar with a priest at each hand and a row of them surrounding him. The band struck up a kind of bagpipe air, a priest at the left of the altar squeaked out something, and the pagan bowed three times; walked around the altars, bowed, knelt, and passed incense rods and scrolls of paper from right to left of Josh, repeating all these acts several times till he reached the altar at the feet of the image. There he bowed several times and as Josh would probably find difficulty in masticating a whole hog at once, an attendant took a cleaver, sliced off a piece of its chops, severed the highly ornamented and slightly curled tail of the porker, and passed them up. Spiritually, the whole hog went; literally, only a chop and the tail; but the rites of the worship were completed so far as the offering was concerned. Josh still smiled complacently; the worshipper took a scroll inscribed with some sentiment, came to the front of the temple, and still surrounded by the priests, threw it into the stove, whereby it was burned and thereby transmitted to actual possession of the gods. During all this time the infernal noise continued; the room was full of smoke, and the priests kept bowing till the taper was consumed, and the ceremony ended. Josh will get no more of the meat offerings than he got yesterday; but the mundane Johns will eat them all. To describe the carved work of the altars would take too much time and space. It is executed in solid wood, and the representations are almost endless in variety. Birds and plants, butterflies and lettered rolls, with a disagreeable association of dragons. In two or three places are carved representations of some of the early European missionaries, surrounded by Celestial sages, knock-kneed and astounded at their doctrine. The hat, short pants, long coat and walking-stick of the fifteenth century are well imitated in these figures. But the expression of confusion which is given to each, shows a ludicrous appreciation of barbarian outsiders and their theories.

Upon each side of the image are ranged wands, maces, spears and battle axes, while Josh himself reposes amid a profusion of gaudy tinsel trappings and scarlet silk draperies. Upon each altar were large, colored wax tapers burning, and some of them supported on the backs of dragons, others on diminutive French lap-dogs of brass.

The walls of each apartment are hung with signs bearing inscriptions from the sacred books of their philosophers and "Good words for Joshee." The institution is a curiosity, and a fixed fact in San Francisco.—*San Francisco Flag.*

☞ Charleston has now been besieged nearly five hundred days.

Humors of the Election.

A Singular Bet.—During the excitement which prevailed immediately before the recent election, Christian Kohler, doing business on Washington street, and a strong "Democrat," made a singular bet with Peter Biggers, whose place of business is on Wells street, and who has done good service in the Union cause. In the course of a friendly discussion between them, Kohler bantered Biggers for a wager that McClellan would be elected. Biggers consented, and offered, in case McClellan was elected, to carry Kohler around the public square upon his back, provided Kohler would do the same for him if Lincoln was elected. Kohler lost, and on Monday afternoon last, between the hours of two and three, accompanied by an excellent band of music, he fulfilled the condition of the bet. A large number of soldiers, policemen and citizens were present and joined the procession.—*Chicago Journal.*

No Fun to the Loser.—Soon after the nomination of McClellan was made by the Chicago Convention, two well-known oyster dealers of our city, opposed in politics, got into a discussion as to the chances of election of their favorite candidates, and, as such discussions usually end, a bet of a barrel of oysters was offered and accepted on the result—the conditions of the bet being that the oysters were to be purchased in Providence, R. I., and to be wheeled in a barrow from that city to Boston by the loser. This the unfortunate backer of McClellan pledges himself to do, and a good deal of fun is anticipated when the affair comes off. The loser has the privilege of selecting "a good day and good track."—*Boston Herald.*

Some attention was attracted last Saturday afternoon by the appearance on Westminster and Broad streets, while the rain was falling heavily, of a man wheeling a little negro, and preceded by another man beating a drum. The little darkey carried an American flag, and the cortege was flanked, on either sidewalk, by quite a number of spectators. The explanation of the affair was as follows:—Mr. C. E. Vaughan and Mr. D. Bartelle laid a wager on the result of the election. If McClellan carried the election, Bartelle was to wheel a negro down Westminster street to the bridge, and back up Broad street; if Lincoln was successful, Mr. Vaughan was to wheel a white boy over the same route—in either case a drum and fife to precede. As Mr. Vaughan lost, of course the task fell to him, but, with the consent of his opponent, he took in a colored boy instead of a white one.—*Providence Post.*

A Vote for Pepper and Tar.—Mr. W. R. Linn, the editor of the Newville (Cumberland Co.) Star of the Valley, has kindly furnished us the following good story:

A staunch Democrat from Mifflin township, that country where genuine Democrats flourish in unmingled purity, had been requested by his wife, before he came in, to bring her some pepper and tar, for the purpose, we believe, of concocting some medicament for colds. Lest he should forget it in the excitements of the day, she gave him a memorandum of the articles on a slip of paper, which he stowed carefully away in his vest pocket. He came to town, served his country, and went home in the evening. On his return, his wife, of course, inquired for the articles she had requested him to bring her. Notwithstanding the precaution of the memorandum, he had forgotten them. He reached into his pocket to show his wife the slip of paper that had lain forgotten there all day, and pulled out—*a McClellan ticket!* He had unwittingly deposited the "pepper and tar" in the ballot-box! Horrified at the dreadful mistake he had committed, he mounted his horse and hurried back to town. Arriving at the polls, he plead earnestly to get his vote out and make it over again, but it was too late; "mail had closed," and his missive had gone to its irrevocable destiny. There had been an unusually large turn-out of electors, but, amongst them all, "Pepper and Tar" got only one vote!

Ridiculous Wagers.—A gentleman in Twenty-third street, New York, for his faith in McClellan's popularity, will have to make an equestrian tour of the Central Park some Sunday at noon, arrayed in crinoline and all the other feminine "fixings." To comply with the terms of another bet, a gentleman in Forty-first street will have to drive three of his horses, tandem, attached to an oyster-cart, from the Battery to Macomb's dam. A third gentleman, who lives in Brooklyn, though, will have to wear for a year a beaver hat two feet in height and seven inches in the brim. He will run all to hat before his purgatorial period is over.

Condition of the Rebels.—The Richmond correspondent of The London Times, writing on the 8th of October, says there was nearly a panic in the Confederate capital on the 29th of September, when Grant made his advance, and he had only a handfull of troops to resist. Lee's troops, he says, require rest—officers and men are half worn out, having known no rest either by night or day for one hundred days, and exposed at the same time to one of the fiercest summers ever known in Virginia, scantily fed upon meat (mostly salt) and bread without vegetables, with only occasional coffee, and no other stimulant. The writer, however, adds: "It is not, in my judgment, unreasonable to expect that the hour of gloom through which the Confederates are now passing—the darkest and profoundest which they have ever witnessed—is the herald of a brighter day."

The realization of this prospect seems to depend in the opinion of The Times correspondent on Sherman being routed in Georgia and Grant being kept at bay until Christmas in Virginia. In that case it will be impossible, he says, for Mr. Stanton to get together such an army as will be adequate to the commencement of the spring campaign in 1865. If, on the other hand, Sherman is able to extricate himself from his critical position, by either beating or outwitting Hood, there will be reason for apprehension about Richmond during the coming winter, the like of which has never existed before.

☞ Nice Law Point.—In the London Sheriff's Court, a nice law point has just been decided. In a suit against a married woman for rent, she pleaded that she was not liable. The plaintiff denied the plea on the ground that the woman had married the brother of her first husband in violation of the English law, which prohibits such a connection. The defendant rejoined that her second husband was only the half brother of her first husband, being the son of the same father by a second wife. The Court ruled that the marriage, notwithstanding, was within the prohibition of the statute, but let the case stand open to admit of some amicable arrangement between the parties to the action.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1865.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

A NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

LITERATURE AND FASHION.

The publishers of this new Magazine, in entering upon the second year of its existence, beg leave to offer their thanks to the reading public for the support which they have so liberally extended to them. Very few Magazines have been able, in their second year, to boast of so large a circulation as that to which THE LADY'S FRIEND has now attained. Referring to the numbers already published as indicative of the character of our Magazine, we may briefly say that it will continue to be devoted to Choice Literature and the Illustration of the Fashions. It will contain the latest patterns of Cloaks, Caps, Bonnets, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c., with Receipts, Music, and other matters interesting to ladies.

THE LADY'S FRIEND will be edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, who will rely upon the services in the Literary Department of the following

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Minnie W. May,
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Arthur Hampton,
Sarah Tytler,
Phila. H. Case,
Edwin R. Martin,
Mrs. James ——,
Sophie May,
Mrs. E. L. Spencer,
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A HANDSOME STEEL FANCY ENGRAVING and a SUPERB COLORED STEEL FASHION PLATE will illustrate every number; besides well executed Wood Cuts, illustrative of the Fashions, Patterns, &c., too numerous to detail.

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In order to enable ladies to procure a first quality Sewing Machine at very little outlay, we make the following liberal offers:—

We will give one of WHEELER & WILSON'S Celebrated Sewing Machines—the regular price of which is FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS—on the following terms:—

1. Twenty copies, one year, and the Sewing Machine,	$70.00
2. Thirty copies, one year, and the Sewing Machine,	85.00
3. Forty copies, one year, and the Sewing Machine,	100.00

In the first of the above Clubs, a lady can get twenty subscribers at the regular price of $2.50 a copy, and then by sending on these subscriptions, and *Twenty Dollars in addition*, will get a Machine that she cannot buy anywhere for less than Fifty-five Dollars. If she gets thirty subscribers and Seventy-five Dollars, she will only have to add *Ten Dollars* to the amount. While if she gets forty subscribers at the regular price, she will get her Machine for nothing.

The Magazine will be sent to different post-offices if desired. The names and money should be forwarded as rapidly as obtained, in order that the subscribers may begin to receive their Magazines at once, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole amount of money is received, the Sewing Machine will be duly forwarded. The Clubs may be partly composed of subscribers to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST if desired.

☞ In all cases the Machine sent will be the regular WHEELER & WILSON'S No. 3 Machine, sold by them in New York for Fifty-five Dollars. The Machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

TERMS.

Our terms are the same as those of that well-known weekly paper THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published by us for the last *eighteen* years—in order that the Clubs may be made up of the paper and the magazine conjointly when it is so desired—and are as follows:—

TERMS:—CASH IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year,		$2.50
Two copies, "		4.00
Four copies, "		6.00
Eight copies "	and one to getter up of club,	[illegible]
Twenty "	and one to getter up of club,	[illegible]
One copy of THE LADY'S FRIEND and one of THE POST,		4.00

☞ Single numbers of THE LADY'S FRIEND (postage paid by us), twenty-five cents.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their magazines.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

Address

DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philada.

☞ SPECIMEN COPIES will be sent to those desirous of getting up Clubs on the receipt of Fifteen Cents.

Editors who insert the above, or condense the material portions of it for their columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy.

☞ A young lady advertises in the Cleveland Plaindealer for a young gentleman to act as an amanuensis. He must be able to write in cypher, and when not engaged he will be expected to read poetry with feeling, converse with ease, and be able to play cribbage and backgammon. He must expect to be kissed when she is pleased, and cuffed when she is not; but as her temper is acknowledged to be good, there will be more kissing than cuffing. There is a good chance for some adventure-loving gentleman.

☞ Walter Savage Landor wrote his own epitaph some years ago; it read thus:

I strove with none, for none were worth my
  strife.
Nature I loved, and after Nature Art.
I warmed both hands before the fire of life;
  It sinks and I am ready to depart.

This will probably be inscribed on the marble of his Florentine tomb.

☞ Horrible Affair.—At a dinner-party in the country the other day a great sensation was caused by a gentleman dividing two ladies.

☞ Every impostor rewarded is a worthy poor man wronged. We do not respect the philanthropy that has its especial pets, yet those pets abound.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1865.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

"The Oldest and Best of the Weeklies."

The publishers of THE POST would call the attention of their host of old friends and the public to their Prospectus for the coming year. THE POST still continues to maintain its proud position as

A FIRST CLASS LITERARY PAPER,

and crowds weekly its solid and numerous columns of

CHOICE LITERATURE,

including STORIES, SKETCHES, POETRY, ESSAYS, ANECDOTES, and everything of an interesting character designed

TO INSTRUCT AND AMUSE.

A FAMILY OF CHILDREN who read a good literary paper weekly, can scarcely fail to become more cultivated and intelligent under its influence—their stock of general information, especially, will be greatly enlarged. That THE POST has exerted this beneficial influence in thousands of cases,

THOUSANDS OF ITS OLD PATRONS WILL TESTIFY.

Therefore

SUBSCRIBE TO THE POST,

and see if you do not note a gradual improvement in the minds and manners of your family. Its varied lessons on all subjects, cannot fail of being productive of more or less good.

A SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

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The paper will be sent to different post-offices if desired. The names and money should be forwarded as rapidly as obtained, in order that the subscribers may begin to receive their papers at once, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole amount of money is received, the Sewing Machine will be duly forwarded. The Clubs may be partly composed of subscribers to THE LADY'S FRIEND, if desired.

☞ In all cases the Machine sent will be the regular WHEELER & WILSON'S No. 3 Machine, sold by them in New York for Fifty-five Dollars. The Machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

CASH IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year,		$2.50
Two copies, "		4.00
Four copies, "		6.00
Eight copies, "	and one to getter up of club,	[illegible]
Twenty "	and one to getter up of club,	[illegible]
One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND,		4.00

☞ The matter in THE POST will always be different from that in THE LADY'S FRIEND.

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course the premium for getting up a Club may be either one or the other, as desired. Any person having sent a Club may add other names at any time during the year. The papers for a Club may be sent to different post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their papers.

Remittances should be made in United States notes. *For all amounts over Five Dollars we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities, payable to our order.*

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST sent gratis.

Address

DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philada.

Editors who insert the above, or condense the material portions of it for their columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy.

The Hour of Death.—A paper on this subject was lately read at the British Association by Mr. Haviland of the Bridgewater Infirmary. It is stated that the author had collected over 5,000 cases of death, with the hour of death and other circumstances recorded, which he had tabulated and exhibited on a large chart. By this chart he showed that in 1,000 cases of death in children under five years of age, the periods of the greatest mortality took place during the hours between one and eight in the morning; that an extraordinary depression took place in the succeding hours, and that between nine and twelve P. M., the rate of mortality was at its minimum. He then compared these statistics with 2,891 deaths from all causes, and the chart showed how remarkably the wave lines of death compared with those above. In the cases of death from consumption, although there showed a general resemblance in the wave line, yet between the hours of four and eight o'clock A. M., when there was a depression when compared with the first four-hour period, the mortality was the greatest. The extraordinary mortality was in the early hours of the morning, when the powers of life were at their lowest ebb, and, strange to say, when the patient was most cared for. He urged the necessity of feeding and stimulating the patients at their weakest hour, so as to tide them over a critical period, and, even if death be inevitable, to support the patient so that he might at least have a few hours more of life snatched from eternity to admit of his being able to carry out some neglected duty, pardon some enemy, or see some beloved friend.

☞ Human fat, like that of other animals, has been frequently employed for various purposes. A story is told of an Irish tallow-chandler, who, during the invasion of Cromwell's army, made candles with the fat of Englishmen, which were remarkable for their good quality; but when the times became more tranquil, his goods were of an inferior kind; and when one of his customers complained of his candles falling off, he apologized by saying: "I am sorry to inform you that the times are so bad that I have been short of Englishmen for a long time."

LATEST NEWS.

General Gillem's forces at Bull's Gap, in Tennessee, had been attacked by a superior force under Breckinridge, and were defeated with a loss of [illegible] prisoners. Gen. Lee reports to the rebel Secretary of War that the attack was made on the [illegible], and that several hundred prisoners, ten stands of colors, six pieces of artillery, fifty loaded wagons, etc., were captured. Gillem is safe at Knoxville.

Our forces at Strawberry Plains, eighteen miles from Knoxville, were attacked by the rebels in force on Friday, but after a severe fight, which continued at intervals throughout the day, the enemy was repulsed.

The rebels were repulsed in an effort to force our picket lines at Dutch Gap on Thursday night.

Beauregard, with a considerable force, is reported at Corinth. Forrest was expected to join him there. Several small bands of rebels are near Memphis. Chalmers and [illegible] are said to be at Holly Springs.

A Washington despatch says that the sending of peace commissioners to Richmond is not now contemplated.

The Navy Department has received official intelligence of the destruction of a valuable rebel fishery on Marsh Island, north of the Ochlockonee river, Florida, by an expedition from the steamers Stars and Stripes.

☞ At the agricultural competition of Vendome, France, lately held at [illegible], the prize for ploughing was carried off by a young woman twenty years of age—the trial taking place with a plough drawn by four oxen. The competitors of the other sex were numerous.

☞ The pavement of London is one of the greatest marvels of our time. It covers [illegible] acres, two-thirds whereof consists of what may be called mosaic-work done in plain style, and the other third of smooth flagging. Such a series of work far transcends in quantity the Appian Way, which was the wonder of ancient Rome, and which would cut a poor figure contrasted with one of our commonest streets. The ancient Consular Way was but fifteen feet wide in the main, and was filled with blocks of all shapes and sizes joined together and placed only on the surface; the length of its devious course, from north to south of Italy, was under 300 miles. The paved streets of London number over 5,000, and exceeds over 2,000 miles in length.

☞ A presentation of a boat, gun, and fishing-rod to a son of one of the old aristocratic families of Wales took place recently. The name of the recipient was Thomas Lloyd Arwyl. The event was the celebration of his majority; and to show the feeling among the Welsh aristocracy regarding our country, the boat presented was christened the Kearsarge.

☞ M. Arago, from a comparison of the tables compiled by observers in different parts of Europe, found that rain falls oftener during the increase than the wane of the moon, by six to five, and that this is more particularly the case from the quarters to the full moon.

☞ A gentleman in England claims that he has found two autographs of Shakspeare in an old book of common prayer which he bought in a waste-paper parcel.

☞ Jasmin, the barber-poet of France, has just died, at the age of sixty-six years. His verses were very popular, but he never gave up his razor for the pen. Many of his poems have been translated by Longfellow and other of our poets.

☞ An English paper contains the following advertisement: "A piano for sale by a lady about to cross the Channel in an oak-case with carved legs."

☞ Punch relates an anecdote of a "celebrated composer," who wrote to a friend, requesting the pleasure of his company "to luncheon; *key of G.*" His friend, a thorough musician, interpreted the invitation rightly, and came to the composer's house at *One sharp.*

☞ A young tyro in declamation in a neighboring seminary, who had been told by his teacher that he must gesticulate according to the sense, in commencing a piece with

"The comet lifts its fiery tail,"

lifted the tail of his coat to a horizontal position.

☞ A peasant having sold the village Æsculapius a sack of wheat called upon his debtor for the pay. "Haven't got any money," replied the man of physic. "Well, then, give me back my sack of wheat." "Impossible, it is eaten up." "Then give me a chair, or a table, or something." "Got none, I'm flat broke." "Then put some leeches on me anyhow." The doctor did as was requested, and the peasant departed satisfied!

☞ A miniature steamer is now running on the Connecticut river between East Windsor and Hartford. It is thirty-three feet long, and makes a trip—seventeen miles—in less than an hour. All the fuel consumed on the voyage is one fence-rail.

☞ It requires two very long ears to listen to the word chloride of dimercurodiethylidenediphenammonium, which a long-winded chemist pronounces as his last discovery in ethylidene.

☞ The Confederacy is getting in so bad a way, that the physicians suggest a black draft, as a last resort.

☞ Copies of the Constitution and Ordinances of Nevada were sent to the President by telegraph, at a cost of over four thousand dollars.

"Early to dance, and early to bed,
Makes a girl healthy, and keeps her cheeks
  red."

☞ Benjamin Greenleaf, widely known as the author of a series of mathematical works, which are in public and private schools all over the land, died at his residence in Bradford, Mass., on the 30th ult., aged 78 years.

☞ The term "bushwhacking," often applied to the murderous operations of the Southern guerrillas, meant originally to pull a boat along by laying hold of the bushes on the shore.

☞ The experiment of breeding and stocking Dennysville river, in Maine, with salmon has been carried on for several years, and we learn from the Machias Union that the return of salmon to the river proves the enterprise a complete success.

☞ An unusual abundance of birds of prey, such as hawks, winter falcons, &c., of large size, has been remarked this fall throughout various parts of the country.

☞ Elihu Burrit has been making calculations about women's petticoats—queer business for the learned blacksmith—and says more than 10,000 tons of steel are put into crinoline in Christendom annually.

NOT WISELY, BUT TOO WELL.

You ask what is the matter? why seem I so full of care?
Why am I silent and stupid? why am I wasted and wan?—
Will you take a cigar, old fellow! sit down in that great arm-chair,
Put up your feet on the fender, and hold your tongue—if you can.

While you smoke, I will show you the matter: I have no new story to tell;
But my version is not yet published—only written in fire and tears;
Yet it's the old, old story of loving less wisely than well—
I've heard it told by another, and listened with scornful ears.

We are always so brave in enduring the pain that another bears!
We quote how sublime it is to suffer and yet be strong!
All so prompt to undervalue the weight of another's cares,
So practised at preaching patience as cure for another's wrong!

Is there a dreamier story than that of a love betrayed?
Is there a greater bore than the tale of a lover's wound?
Better an asinine history by a donkey honestly brayed
Than the tales by such idiots told, full only of fury and sound!

Yet the story I have to tell is the old, old tale of wrong,
Of an earnest love obtained, and then trampled with cruel feet;
Of a man with a loyal heart, of a girl with a traitorous tongue,
Of a wasted life and a wasted love, through a woman's idle conceit!

You remember that evening at Brighton—the night of the archery ball?
You remember that girl from the North—the one with the chestnut curls,
Her with the violet eyes, with the shape so slender and tall,
With Cupid-bow lips, and pearly skin, and teeth far whiter than pearls?

I loved her the instant I saw her—I had never loved before—
Even ere we had spoken I felt that my fate was set:
There was the woman at last for my heart and my soul to adore!
—— God! it were better far I had died that night ere we met!

With words like dewdrops from heaven, with looks such as angels wear,
With smiles from Paradise borrowed, with glances tender and sweet,
She made me think I was welcome, and tempted me on to the snare,
Brought my soul down to her level, and forced my heart to her feet.

The springs of my being were opened, the waters rushed up from the deep,
O'er the ocean of feeling long stagnant came the waves of love and of life,
All the world for me was transfigured, my Faith was aroused from its sleep,
And prone on the knees of my spirit I knelt and worshipped my future WIFE.

Oh, the light that came out of the darkness! oh, the clouds that broke up into blue!
Oh, the blackness that covered the light, and the clouds that came after the rain!
When the horror of naked deceit filled the shrine that I fancied was true,
And rapture was changed into anguish, and hope was smothered in pain!

As a river swells over its banks, so my love flowed over through me;
My heart was too full for endurance—I felt I must speak or die:
Love's torrent was rushing within me and bearing me on to the sea:
She saw the sweep of the current—knew its force far better than I!

At length the design was accomplished; the victim was down at her feet:
Then out from its treacherous lair came the demon of woman's caprice:
Oh, the anguish, the shame of her scorning! oh, the curse of her cruel deceit!
Death can have nothing more bitter—nay, hell itself must be peace!

* * * * * * *

I said I would show you the matter—but I cannot tell it you all;
There are parts of my shameful story that must never be heard by ears,
Must never be heard by ears save those that hear when a call
For help goes up from a sinking heart drowning in bloody tears!

Yet the strangest thing is this, that the passion is living still:
Though my peace be for ever departed, and my life be for ever cold,
A memory clings to me yet, and, reason and strive as I will,
I *cannot* silence a voice within that sings as it sang of old—

Singing of golden days when my Faith was pure and strong;
When Hope sat high on her throne, and my spirit was born again;
When Love with her magic harp sang the primal Eden-song,
That brought once more the legend up that the angels talked with men!

Yes, I grant that this is unworthy, unmanly, and weak, if you will,
That I know she is falser than fair, and her life is one acted lie:
Yet I also know this, that I love her—by Heaven, I love her still!—
I love her despite of it all, and must love her until I die!

F.

☞ The courts in California haven't been able to find an oath that will make a Chinaman tell the truth. Invoking "The Great Spiritual Intelligence," and "Imperial Heaven," is of no sort of use.

☞ Happy are they to whom the gods have given either to perform actions worthy to be recorded or to write things worthy to be read: happier still are they in whom both powers are united.

UNCLE GODFREY.

I. [illegible] ARRIVAL.

It was the day before Christmas-day, and the Rev. Mr. Latimer was busy finishing his Christmas sermon, or rather, if we must confess it, "heel-tapping" an old one.

The reverend gentleman had just settled the Coal-club accounts, and that excellent work of charity had warmed his heart, and made him at peace with all the world. The frost was feathering the window-panes; in the ruts of the Todmorten lanes, the ice lay like fragments of shivered plate-glass; the twigs of the laurel-bushes at the rectory window were furred with crystals; and the robin, puffing out his little crimson breast till it looked like an alderman's waistcoat, sat on the standard rose-tree at the study-window, watching, with interest, Mr. Latimer as he put the new piece into the old garment.

The sermon completed, Mr. Latimer went headforemost into the Blanket-club accounts, and soon discovered the pleasing fact, that there was an overplus of seven pound ten. All this conduced to make the worthy young rector extremely cheerful, and in a proper Christmas frame of mind. He hummed a carol to himself, and prepared to go out to superintend the clerk, who was busy decorating the church with holly.

But young rectors with large families, if they have their pleasures, have also their alloys. The monthly wash had just begun, and a large screen of steaming sheets is by no means a conductor of heat, especially when placed between yourself and the fire; nor does the necessity of turning these square acres of linen at fitting intervals, conduce to the concentration of mind that accounts require.

A cook must have unceasing pleasure in the savory chemistry of his profession; but to watch a large sauce-pan, and stir its contents every quarter of an hour, under pain of your wife's indignation, is not consistent with any steady mental labor. Yet all these small annoyances the Rev. *Frederick Latimer* bore like a Christian and a lamb, for he was a good, kind-hearted, domestic man, who respected the saving of the family wash, and knew that the kitchen-fire was fully occupied, and that what he did was no work of supererogation.

That slapping and shaking noise in the kitchen was, he knew, Mrs. Latimer folding, and that sound portended a busy day, and in that busy day he was willing to make himself useful.

The children were out sliding—getting fiery red by tumbling on the back of their heads, and performing the "cobbler's knock" on the village-pond. They had been busy cutting holly-boughs for the church that morning, and the sliding was their reward.

"Jane, my dear," cried the Rev. Mr. Latimer to his wife, as he put on his greatcoat and hat, and seized his blackthorn stick, "I'm just going to see old Martha Hacker; and then I shall step up to the church, and see how Payne gets on with the decorations. I shall be back to lunch at one. Those sheets in my study are quite dry, and the sauce-pan has been on the boil ten minutes."

"Stop a moment, Fred," cried Mrs. Latimer; "I want to speak to you before you go out."

Mr. Latimer was ruffled. "Well, now, what is it, my dear? I cannot stop now; I must be off."

Mrs. Latimer appeared, and remonstrated. "Why, Fred, how impatient you are. All I want to ask is, if you wrote your usual invitation to Uncle Godfrey for Christmas. Of course, he won't come; but still we oughtn't to forget him."

"Yes, I wrote on Monday. Did I ever forget to write to him—the old selfish hunks! Good-bye, darling. Send down for the children, if they are not in, in half an hour; it is now just eleven."

II. THE ELEVEN-FORTY TRAIN.

Todmorten was a pretty village in Dorsetshire. It lay in a little valley, surrounded by wooded hills and sloping fields, and was intersected by a railway.

The eleven-forty train slided out of the distance, and stopped, with bragging puffs of smoke, at the Todmorten station. It took up its load, and slid off again, with jerks of white vapor, and disappeared in the direction of Poole. The station grew again lonely; and the only sounds, the rattling of the tight cords of the signal-post, and the murmur of the winds against the telegraph-wires.

Ten minutes after the solitary arrival, an old-fashioned man, with a wooden leg, stumped slowly up Todmorten Hill. The butcher saw him, the grocer saw him, the blacksmith saw him, the guests at the bar-parlor of the Peal of Bells saw him, and discussed him. One and all pronounced him to be "a regular old guy," evidently come by the train, and bound to the neighboring village.

The children from the rectory windows saw him—for the rectory was on a hill, and commanded the village—and marveled at his wooden leg.

The eldest girl, Dora, her golden fleece of back hair tossing in the air, ran to describe him to Mrs. Latimer. "O, mamma," she cried, "there is such a funny man coming up the hill—he's got a wooden leg! George says he moves it as if it was a compass, and he was drawing a circle. Oh, it's such fun. Do come and see."

Mrs. Latimer allowed herself to be dragged into the parlor by Dora, George, and Willy, and looked through the window. The wooden-legged man was only thirty yards off. She had no sooner seen him, than she gave a hysterical scream, and exclaimed: "Uncle Godfrey! Run, Dora, and tell cook to go and take the sheets and the sauce-pan out of the study; and, George, go and tell Susan to put on a clean apron, and go to the front door. Dear me, how unfortunate papa not being in!"

The next moment, there was a strange sound on the rectory gravel walk, and a sharp, curt knock at the door. Susan was a long time answering the door; when she did so, she received a rebuke that she did not soon forget.

"Young woman," said the old gentleman furiously, "is this the way you are taught to attend to your master's visitors? Nice weather to be kept in the cold. Ugh! it bites one's nose off. Lucky you're not in my service, or out you'd go this day month. Is Mr. Latimer in?"

"Nasty cross old thing," thought Susan, as she replied: "No, sir; Mr. Latimer is out in the parish."

"Who cares where he is. If he's not in, where's your missus?"

"Upstairs."

"Very well, then, tell her to come down stairs."

"What name, if you please?"

"Godfrey Dodson."

Susan swept out of the room. She never saw such a cross, unmannerly old "thing" in the whole course of her life; and so she told Ellen the cook.

Uncle Godfrey was a short, irascible little man, who wore a brown spencer, a low-crowned hat of the old hour-glass shape, popular some twenty years ago, and long drab gaiters. He was an old-bachelor recluse, who lived in the Adelphi, in rooms which he never allowed anybody to enter, and which were stuffed full of pictures, etchings, Buhl cabinets, snuff-boxes, and old china. Early in life he had been a drysalter in Liverpool, and since then had devoted himself laboriously to doing nothing, and exciting the expectations of his poorer relations. Mrs. Latimer had only seen her uncle once since she was married.

Godfrey Dodson was one of those old connoisseurs who are to be seen any morning in the show-rooms of Messrs. Christie and Manson, examining etchings suspiciously through huge glasses, opening and shutting with half delight, half distrust, remarkable agate snuff-boxes, walking backwards from *spurious* Raphaels, opening and shutting the drawers of inlaid cabinets, and looking for the maker's name and date of lustrous majolica plates. They know the very year every picture was painted, and where the original of it is, and what it fetched. They know every alteration that Hogarth made in his engravings, and fall into raptures over what other people would think a defect. They eye the auctioneer with a magpie look of expectancy and cunning, and the dealers with glances of hostility and distrust. They hoard and accumulate with the craft of ravens and the industry of ants, and enjoy the pleasant reflection that when they die, the sale of their effects will be held in the same room as that in which they have spent so much of their time, and will give extreme delight to a great many collectors, their old rivals during life; for the finest collection is, after all, like a heap of leaves scattered in a field, that must sooner or later be blown apart, and scattered to the four winds. Still, no doubt, in spite of this unpleasant reflection, there is great pleasure in amassing, and there will be collectors like Uncle Godfrey as long as the world goes on spinning.

Uncle Godfrey had a lean wizen face; cold, keen, suspicious eyes; short, stubbly white hair; overhanging eyebrows, and a projecting lower lip that expressed a sour contempt for all he heard and saw. He wore the frilled shirt-front of a past age, and the little scarlet under-waistcoat, with just the edge showing, such as was the fashion forty years ago. Altogether, one's impression of him was, that he was a shrewd, cynical old hunks; eccentric, dogmatic, rich, and arbitrary.

When Mrs. Latimer, not waiting to change her dress, but just adjusting her cap, and making herself neat, glided into the room, half pleased, half frightened, Uncle Godfrey was standing with his back to the door, examining a print of "Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time" with a malicious contempt.

He turned round as his niece entered, and without greeting her, and just as if he had been an inmate of the house for twenty years, said with a sort of grunt:

"This is the sort of rubbish people in the country hang on their walls, instead of having one or two good pictures. Ugh! It is only fit for a poulterer's parlor."

"But, dear uncle, Frederick and I cannot afford pictures. But how are you? How long it is since we have seen you! Why don't you come oftener? What a happy Christmas we shall spend!" And all the time she kept saying to herself: "Only to think of his coming!"

Uncle Godfrey watched her from under his terrier eyebrows for a moment or two in suspicious silence; then he took her hand, and looking her searchingly in the face, he said:

"Jane, you are a sensible girl; you didn't keep me waiting while you put on a lot of finery. Don't thank me for coming down to see you, for I only did it because I thought you didn't mean it, and I thought it would teach you a lesson; and as to pictures, I suppose you can't afford them. I know I can't. I sell mine as fast as I buy them—ugh! and at a good profit too. Where are the children? Plenty of them, I suppose; the poorer a man is, the more children Providence always sends him. Ugh! Where's Latimer?"

"Gone out, dear uncle, to see the poor, and how to distribute the Christmas charities; and I ought to be out with him; but, you see, we poor people have to wash at home, and do many things."

"There; no ostentation of poverty and economy. Stuff about Christmas! Why give away more than usual at Christmas? Is a man more hungry at Christmas, or colder, or poorer? Aren't there other times to give? Bah! I hate Christmas—all one's bills come in then."

"Oh, there's Frederick coming—I'm so glad!" said Mrs. Latimer, looking out of the window. "Oh, how glad he will be to see you, uncle!"

"Not so sure of that, though I am rich. Now, mind, I'll have no fuss made about me—no extras. As for wine, I've brought down some of my own. Don't like port that's half catchup, and the other half logwood. No, don't go; I'll open the door."

Away stumped the strange being to open the door. Mr. Latimer stared, horror-struck, at the wooden-legged apparition.

"I thought it would knock you down," said Uncle Godfrey. "Never ask a man again you don't want to see."

"But I'm delighted. My dear sir—"

"There; no flummery. Here I am, and you must make the best of me for a week. You're quite right to ask me. The Fitzsimmonses asked me too, and I generally go there. Confound Christmas! I wish it was abolished. Festivity, indeed! Why, I'd rather be eating my chop alone at the *Rainbow* or the *Cock*, in Fleet Street, than share the best Christmas dinner in England."

Mr. Latimer did not know whether to be offended or not, but, as he had expectations from Uncle Godfrey, he thought, on the whole, he had better bear it, so he smiled, and took him by the hand.

In rushed the children, but when they saw the stranger, they drew back. Dora seated herself in shy state on a distant sofa; George came coaxingly up to his father, and took his hand; while Willy, the "tot," nestled up to his mother, and half hid himself in her gown.

"George used to be your favorite, uncle," said Mrs. Latimer.

Uncle Godfrey looked at him, and growled:

"Time he went to sea. Ugh! Do you send that girl to school? Why don't you cut her hair shorter? She'll be bald at thirty."

Mrs. Latimer was indignant; but nothing made any impression on the rich uncle, who, turning his back on her, proceeded to question her husband.

"Well, Latimer," said he, "still grubbing on as a curate, I suppose. Nice profession; its prizes so easy to get, and so evenly distributed. Bishops so humble and active—no pride. Ugh! Sixty years' work for a curate, and a hundred a year the end of it. Every one on you for alms, and obliged to give more than the squires with ten thousand a year. Better be a laborer. Ugh! Any head-clerk in a merchant's office could buy up three curates. Ugh!"

Mr. Latimer deprecated Uncle Godfrey's severity.

"Our life," he said, "is humble, but it is happy, and free from temptation. There is time for study, and quiet for domestic happiness. Grand people are too busy for domestic happiness; houses always too full to enjoy the society of their wives and children. Your clerk might buy me up, but he could not buy my happiness."

"Good—something in that. But suppose you live above your income, and debts press. Responsibilities of the rich without their means; too proud to put your children into trade. Strange pride. Ugh! I thought Christianity taught humility. You clergy preach it enough, but where's the practising?"

"My dear sir, you do me wrong. I would willingly get George into a banker's office when he is old enough, but even city situations are hard to get."

"Take you at your word. I'll get the boy into a house in Mincing Lane. Aim low—that's the way to get on; better than your beggarly profession, and bring up your family paupers."

Mr. Latimer overflowed with thanks.

"There; no trying to please the rich old uncle, just because he is rich. And so you have been arranging the Christmas charities. Ugh! all folly; makes the poor people mendicants. Who'll work, when he can get more, begging? Got a night-school in your parish?"

"We have—a flourishing one."

"There again—puffing up the poor. Teaching servants to read one's letters, and forge and swindle. Stuff! When do you dine? I'm hungry. Shouldn't object to a glass of wine—my own, though. The porter's brought it up from the station by this to me. Where's my bed-room? I like a fire at night. I'll just go and wash my hands, and take my spencer off, while you get me a crust and a glass of my own port-wine. Ugh! how cold this place is. Get out of the way, children!"

"What a horrid old creature!" thought Dora. George was secretly examining his wooden leg, and wondering whether it moved by clock-work.

Uncle Godfrey was not softened even by dinner.

"Jane," said he, "never have soup till you have a cook that understands it. This is paste, not soup. You girl, keep the door shut—the draught comes to my back; and keep the fire up; it is all in one corner. I don't like stale bread. Haven't you got some new, and no crust? Can't you see I've got false teeth?"

"Jane," said he, a little later, "the mutton hasn't hung long enough. I suppose you play on the piano, and let the cook do as she likes. Take my advice—discharge that woman; the potatoes are as hard as bullets."

Over his wine, Mr. Latimer—his wife being gone with the children—ventured to lament the ascetic loneliness of Uncle Godfrey's life, and to wish he lived nearer to them.

"I like it," said the amiable anchorite of the Adelphi. "Every one to his taste. Some people like fidgety children, that break and spoil everything, and some don't. Ugh! Latimer, when I was young, I had a disappointment that in one day turned my heart into a jar of vinegar; my blood since that is cold and sour. I have my own fancies, and I follow them. I'd rather die in a ditch, than surrounded by legacy-hunters—counting the sand in my hour-glass as it ran out, pampering me, encouraging my follies, agreeing with me, and all the time longing to see the hearse come and fetch me to the nettly damp corner of some respectable cemetery. Ugh! I know them, I know them; but they shall wait a bit—they shall wait a bit. Pass the bottle. Why doesn't that slut bring the coffee?"

That night, Mr. and Mrs. Latimer, when their pleasant guest had gone to bed, and all the house was quiet, discussed Uncle Godfrey.

Mr. Latimer, with all his amiability, was much irritated at the brutality and rudeness of the rich, suspicious old hoarder.

"But, my dear Fred," said Mrs. Latimer, "remember the children, and bear with uncle. Remember we have expectations; and do think of those dreadful bills, and how little we have to meet them."

"My dear Jane," said her husband, "I could do anything for your sake and for the children's; but I really cannot bear this man's insolence. Every kind word he attributes to our hopes of his money—bother his money!"

"Fred!"

"I tell you, Jane, I cannot and will not bear this mean suspicion. My ideal may be somewhat blunted by poverty, but still I am not all earth yet, and bear it I will not. If I am civil to him, remember, Jane, it is because he is your relation."

The next day was Christmas-day, and Uncle Godfrey was led to church triumphantly by Mrs. Latimer and the children, and ensconced in a bower of holly, and under an emblazoned mural monument to the memory of General Runagates, a hero of an old war.

At dinner, that day, Uncle Godfrey was severe on country churches.

"Too much coughing," he said. "Ugh! Why do you allow that chorus of coughing old women in the aisle? They are all deaf; they only come to advertise themselves, as wanting new shoes and fresh cloaks. Ugh! I know them. How the ducks quacked when you were reading, and how that donkey brayed when you read those bans, as if rejoicing at another fool's marriage. Latimer, you shoot over the people's heads. What on earth do your chawbacons care about the Antinomian sect, and the errors of the Welsh Pelagius. Bah! Follow them into their daily life; they don't know how to live on earth yet; make them fit for that, before you go further. You, girl, don't grin there, but give me some beer. Jane, do you teach Dora to eat with her knife, and George to throw bread-crumbs at Willy? Thank Heaven, I'm a bachelor!"

At whist, his favorite game, Uncle Godfrey was still more terrible. He always refused to take dummy. He stumped with his wooden leg if his partner forgot the thirteenth card, or lost a trick by any momentary absence of mind. If the game went well, and there was any long sequence of success, he grew malicious, and openly hinted that his opponent was losing on purpose to please him—an insult to his play; and Mr. Latimer resented the accusation.

"They always do it at the Fitzsimmonses," replied Uncle Godfrey. "I never lose there. They let me win shillings, in hopes, some day, they'll turn to guineas; but I'll outlive them yet. That Fitzsimmons is weak in his chest. By-the-by, how's your chest, Latimer? I thought your voice weaker than it used to be. George, don't make that noise with the [illegible]. Jane, do you ever flog that boy?"

"Uncle," said Mrs. Latimer at breakfast on the seventh day of the visit, "I have arranged with Mrs. Benson to go to-morrow to see [illegible]—it is one of our show-places—you must not return without seeing that."

"Hate show-places; cold damp rooms, fussy, pompous housekeepers; too proud to tell you anything; willing enough to take large fees; hurried, and see nothing. No, I go back to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" cried Mr. and Mrs. Latimer in a breath, for they had grown accustomed to the old bachelor's brusquerie, and began to be amused with his shrewd honesty and caustic frankness.

"To-morrow—said to-morrow when I came—and meant what I said. Sponge on you no longer; poor people. Besides, all my port's gone—can't drink catchup and logwood. I and my wooden leg go to-morrow. Glad of it, ain't you, Dora? George, come here and polish my wooden leg. Willy, give uncle a kiss, and go to bed; it is getting late. You'll be a happy family to-morrow, old Uncle Godfrey back in his den."

The morrow came. Somehow or other the Latimers were sorry to part with the old Tartar. The children liked his old stories, and the tricks he showed them with cards; his ventriloquism, and the droll drawings he did for them.

The train came sliding in, curving like a great jointed black serpent. Uncle Godfrey mounted into a second-class carriage, and shook all the Latimers by the hand.

"You won't see me again," he said; "I shan't see many more winters. Admiral Death has already hoisted the storm-signal for me. Good-bye. Don't let the children eat too much. When I die, I shall leave you a set of china, just to remember me. Good-bye, Latimer; good-bye, Dora, dear; good-bye, Jane, my love; good-bye, Willy, pet; good-bye, George. I liked my visit, though you did let me win at whist."

The train slid off.

"Well, somehow or other, I miss him," said Mrs. Latimer.

Her husband did not assent very warmly to his wife's remark. An odd thought had struck him, as the children ran laughing and bounding on before their father and mother.

"How strange it would be, Jane," said the good, thoughtful man, turning on the frost-bound hill to watch the train, now a mere swift black caterpillar in the valley—"how strange it would be if, instead of dying with a struggle and a wrench, or in slow pain and decay, as we do now, when men were to die, a mysterious summons should come in a black letter, warning us, on a certain day and hour, to be at the nearest railway station. Then, that we should go, after a calm but still ineffably solemn farewell, and at the appointed hour, a mysterious black train, spirit-driven, should arrive; and an irresistible impulse should force us then to mount into the carriage, and be borne off swiftly, quietly, into the inscrutable far distance."

"Oh, Fred, how can you think of such horrid things," said Mrs. Latimer. "Well, do you know, somehow or other, I do miss Uncle Godfrey."

"And so do we," cried the children.

"Poor Uncle Dodfrey," said "Tot."

"Will he ever come to see us again?" asked George.

"Not if I can help it," thought Mr. Latimer, clenching his teeth, and looking as sternly as he could.

III. THE CARRION CROWS.

Exactly twelve months from the date of that visit, Uncle Godfrey was found dead in his arm-chair, in his solitary chambers at the Adelphi. It is probable that he had been dead several days, for though the laundress had neglected to inform the neighbors, no light had been seen in the room for three nights. Singularly enough, it was remembered that the deceased had latterly shown some desire to be more social, and had even appeared spectrally one night in full-dress at the door of the gentleman on the first floor, who was, however, just starting for a party, and could not see him.

The rooms were found to be an inch deep in a snuff-like dust, and crowded with china, pictures, furniture, and portfolios. The inner room resembled an immense mouse-trap, for it was strewn with pounds of bacon and sections of cheap cheese. A miser and a millionaire—Nebuchadnezzar driven from men, and Sardanapalus grown careful, seemed to have inhabited these chambers together. Oh! what misery, and deadness of heart, and deprivation of sweet home-pleasures!—what scorn for, or insane blindness to, love and home, were evidenced in that sordid solitude, in that voluntary prison, in that splendid Bastile!

It was too late. The hoarder had been torn from his hoard by no murderer or thief, but by the great severer of all human ties.

After Godfrey Dodson's funeral, his will was read at the office of his lawyers, Messrs. Fox & Shekell.

No one was present but the Fitzsimmonses, but they were all there—Mr. F., a fribble of a man; Mrs. F., a vulgar, strong-minded woman, who was alternately smiles and tears; and the three Misses F., all apparently of the same age, and only distinguishable apart by the graduated redness of their noses, and the comparative hardness of their spinster faces.

They were all in black, and looked like the Fates, wanting only the wheel, the distaff, and the scissors. They were all shrouded in crape; they all wore coarse black kid-gloves too big for them, and with great black poddy fingers an inch too long.

If grief could be expressed by crape, the Fitzsimmonses were heart-broken. They were swathed in crape; there was a top-heavy banner of crape on Fitzsimmons's hat; there were wisps of crape on Mrs. F.'s bonnet; they gloried in crape. They looked like the family of a young undertaker who has just secured a small funeral, and was proud of the business.

The room was one of those drab-colored, dingy lawyers' rooms, walled in with deed-boxes—the black sarcophagi of extinct fortunes; the ceiling black with smoke; the cocoanut matting dirty, and splashed with ink.

After a good deal of whispering with clerks, and running in and out with law-papers, Mr. Fox sat down, chuckled solemnly, opened the will, rubbed his hands, and began to read it.

It was very short. The deceased had left five thousand pounds to the Fitzsimmonses, all his china and pictures also to them; and nothing to the poor Latimers but his wooden leg, to be sent to them as a remembrance.

The Fitzsimmonses thrilled with delight; the black forest of crape rustled with satisfaction. Every one got up, and shook hands with the lawyer. Mr. Fox poured them each out a glass of sherry, and then poured himself out one, and drank their health. Then there was a universal eulogy of the "dear deceased," and some unnecessary wiping of eyes, till they looked red and natural.

"Depend upon me, my dear friends," said Mr. Fox, rubbing his hands as undertakers do after a successful funeral—"depend upon me, this matter shall be settled as soon as possible. I will set all my clerks upon it. Perkins, mind you begin this matter early to-morrow morning. I shall pack up our poor friend Latimer's legacy to-night. Ha, ha! Oh dear, oh dear, what an eccentric being!"

The Fitzsimmonses sniggled maliciously.

IV. THE LEGACY.

It had been a hard year for the poor Latimers. George had gone to school, and that was expensive. A needy brother returning from Canada had drained off the rest of worthy Mr. L.'s ready money. And now it wanted three days to the time of paying the interest on his life-insurance for his wife, and where to turn to for a spare ten pounds he did not know.

When a master is sad, if there is any sympathy or love in a family, every one is more or less depressed. So it was that that cold March evening the Latimers, as they sat round the fire after dinner discussing not "the catchup and logwood," but some humble mulled cider-wine, were silent and sad. George held Dora's hand, and Willy nestled on the footstool. Suddenly the door opened, and Susan came in. "If you please, sir, there is a large hamper come from the station; six-and-twopence to pay."

"How jolly!" said George, leaping up and clapping his hands.

Mr. Latimer, as he counted out the money, looked as if he thought paying six-and-twopence was by no means jolly.

"What can it be?" said Mrs. Latimer.

The hamper came in. It was tied round with red tape, and sealed with black. On the card was written: "*In re* Godfrey Dodson, deceased. With Messrs. *Fox & Shekell's* compliments."

The Latimers had long ceased to entertain any hope of a legacy, but hope now rose again in their eyes.

"Hurrah! here's my knife, papa," cried George.

"It's china!" said Dora.

"Give me some of it," cried "Tot," whose head had not yet grown above the level of the table, and therefore could see nothing of the interior of the mysterious hamper.

Mr. Latimer cut the red tape. The hamper was full of hay, and on the hay was a sealed letter in Uncle Godfrey's handwriting. Mr. Latimer tore it open. The contents ran thus:

"DEAR LATIMER—I found out the tricks and humbug of the Fitzsimmonses. My visit taught me to respect and love you and Jane. I have been a fool to live as I have done, but it is too late to alter now. The keepsake I send is rather curious in its mechanism. Think of old cross Uncle Godfrey sometimes. *Farewell.*

(Signed) GODFREY DODSON."

In a moment, Mr. Latimer's hand plunged into the hay, and drew out, not a casket nor a box of gold, but Uncle Godfrey's wooden leg.

For a moment Mr. Latimer remained as if turned to stone, and grasping the wooden leg in his hand. Then the color mounting to his face, he cried sternly—

"George, run and ask cook for the bill-hook from the wood-house."

George ran. Mrs. Latimer seized her husband's arm.

"Don't, Fred, don't; it is cruel. But what could we expect?"

"Selfish, heartless old miser!" cried her husband, stamping his foot. "What right had he to come and mock and tempt us, and insult us with this vile thing? Was he not hard and frozen, and useless enough in his lifetime, but must he rise from his very grave to strike a pang into our hearts, at such a moment, too, of pain and anxiety?"

George ran in at this moment with a heavy, sharp bill-hook.

"Thus," said Latimer, with a cleaving blow, "do I doom his cruel present to its only real use—to feed the fire and perish, as the memory of all useless, selfish men will perish.

As he said this, Latimer lopped off the peg-end of the leg, and thrust it into the fire, where it instantly broke into a rejoicing blaze. At the second blow, the bill-hook stuck deep in the wood, and refused to go further. Taking out and restruck, there was a metallic sound, as if it had reached some iron screw. On looking, it was evident that a small flat box had somehow or other been slid into the centre of the block. The astonishment and excitement grew tremendous.

George ran for the meat-saw, and two skillful cross-cuts disclosed a small flat tin-box soldered down. What could it be? Mr. Latimer got a sardine-knife; and ripping it open, discovered that it was full of paper. A further search disclosed five thousand pounds in closely-wedged bank-notes. One thousand pounds worth were labelled "Jane;" another thousand, "Frederick;" a third thousand, "Willy;" a fourth thousand, "Dora;" a fifth thousand, "Tot." On many of them, there were crumply blisters, as if a tear or two had fallen on the paper.

How can I describe the joy and gratitude of the good people: how Mr. Latimer kissed Mrs. Latimer, then all the children; and how the children danced for joy, and blessed dear Uncle Godfrey.

V. AN IMPORTANT AFTER-THOUGHT.

Two days after this, a tall, neatly-dressed skeleton of a man presented himself at the office of Messrs. Fox & Shekell. He was shown into Mr. Fox's private room.

"Mr. Fox," said he, "I am File, of the firm of File & Rasper, Clements Inn. Latterly, we did the greater part of the late Mr. Dodson's business, as I dare say you know. I have here a will of the deceased, three years later than the one in your possession. It was properly signed and attested in the presence of myself and partner. It is dated, you see, the February of last year. The deceased died in October."

In this will, so tardy in turning up, the deceased had left all his money to the Latimers; and all his china, etchings, &c., to the Fitzsimmonses—subject, however, to a payment of ten years' arrears of rent for the chambers in the Adelphi, and several large donations to orphan asylums. The residue—£14, 0s. 4d.—was only paid to indignant Mr. Fitzsimmons, who heaped his feeble spite upon the memory of the late Godfrey Dodson, Esq.

VI. A SIMILE.

"My dear Jane," said the Rev. Mr. Latimer, the other night, laying down a book on *The Claret Country* that he had been reading, for he has given up catchup and logwood now, and is curious in his wines—"I have found out an excellent simile for Uncle Godfrey. When a vineyard proprietor wants to get specially good Clos Vougeot, he places the wine out night after night in the frost. This, by degrees, crystallizes all the watery part of the wine in the outer crust, which is daily removed and thrown away. The real soul and essence of the wine, however, remains in the centre, in an unfrozen kernel, which is highly valued. In Uncle Godfrey's heart, my love, there was hoarded up, in the same manner, the purer essence, far, far from the outer crust of ice."

NOVEMBER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The ghostly moon looks forth to-night
After the dreary rain;
How many moons shall wax and pale,
Ere we two meet again!

How oft shall Autumn strew with leaves
The lonely hillside lane
Where on that wild November night
We parted dumb with pain?

Ah, me! since then I've known no Spring,
Nor any Summer glad,
The years go by but only bring
Novembers bleak and sad.

LIZZIE MATTIERS.

OSWALD CRAY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "Verner's Pride," "The Shadow of Ashlydyatt," "Squire Trevlyn's Heir," "The Mystery," etc., etc.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

"Well, Sara, and what do you think of Neal now?"

"I can't understand it; I can't understand why he should have said it, or what his motive was," slowly replied Sara. "Oh, if he only knew the cruel days and nights it caused me to pass! Shall you tell Aunt Bettina of Neal's falsity?"

"Tell her?" repeated Captain Davenal. "Do you think I can allow her and you to be any longer under the same roof with a villain such as Neal?"

Not to Miss Bettina, however, did Captain Davenal at once take his way, but to Parliament street. The revelation of Sara that morning—that the one dark episode in his past history had been known to Oswald Cray—was troubling Edward Davenal's mind far more than any sense of the inconvenience wrought by Mr. Neal.

Oswald was at home, and came up to his sitting room to welcome Captain Davenal. A few words of greeting, and then the captain plunged wholesale, without any ceremony or preparation, into the object which had brought him.

"I have come to ask you a question," he began, dropping his voice to a confidential whisper. "How did you become acquainted with that miserable business of mine?"

"With what miserable business?" returned Oswald, in surprise.

"Don't you recall what I mean? That affair that swamped me. Or, I'm sure I may better say, swamped my father. The—the—those bills, you know."

Oswald did not know in the least. And said so.

"Hang it, Cray," exclaimed the captain, "why force a man to speak out? Those forged bills that I put into circulation, and couldn't get back again."

"I protest I do not know what you are talking of," returned Oswald. "I don't understand what it is you would ask me."

"I only ask how you became acquainted with the affair."

"I never was acquainted with the affair: with any affair such as you allude to," persisted Oswald. "I am not acquainted with it now."

"Do you mean to say that you did not become cognizant of that dreadful trouble I got into before leaving England?—The signing of those bills?"

"I never heard of it in my life. I never heard or knew that you were in any trouble whatever."

Captain Davenal sat staring at Oswald. How reconcile this denial with Sara's positive assurance of that day? "You are telling me truth," he cried with a perplexed air.

"Entire truth," said Oswald. "Why should I not?"

"What then could Sara mean?" debated Captain Davenal aloud. "She tells me that you did know of it."

"Sara tells you so?"

"She does. She says that—I don't see that I need scruple to speak," broke off Captain Davenal, "it's all over and done with, I suppose.—Sara says it was your knowledge of the affair that caused the breaking off of the engagement between yourself and her."

Oswald Cray was silent. A doubt crossed him of whether the gallant captain had received some sabre-cut or sun-stroke in India, to affect his brain. Captain Davenal noted his puzzled look, and strove to be more explanatory.

"When you and I were returning to town from Hallingham the night of Caroline's wedding, you hinted that there existed an attachment or engagement between you and Sara. For the first time I spoke of this to Sara this morning. She admitted that something of the kind had existed, but said it was over: and I saw that the subject was painful—one she wished to avoid. So I dropped it. Afterwards, in speaking of this worse business of mine, I observed that it was known to three people only: my father, Alfred King, and Sara; but Sara interrupted me, saying that it was known to Oswald Cray. I disputed the fact; I said it *could not* have been known to you, but she persisted in her assertion, and finally confessed that it was in consequence of its coming to your knowledge that you broke off the engagement to her, deeming she was not worthy to become your wife. Pardon me yet a moment while I state that I am not here to question the decision; I don't wish to enter upon it at all, except to say that many would have done as you did, after what *I*, her brother, had been guilty of. All that is apart from the business, and I am only telling you how it came out. Sara said that it was the sole cause of its breaking off the engagement, and that you must have known of it almost as soon as—as my father knew. Now I want you to tell me, Mr. Oswald Cray, how and whence that affair came to your knowledge. Have I made myself clear?"

"Perfectly clear, so far as explanation goes; but it is nothing but obscurity to me, for all that. In the first place, allow me to assure you that I never knew before now that you were in any trouble whatever. This is my first intimation of it."

"And was it not that knowledge that caused you and Sara to part?"

"It was not. How could it have been, when I assure you I did not possess the knowledge? A—a great trouble, of which I would prefer not to speak, did lead to the parting, but it was entirely unconnected with you."

"Well, this is *Greek*," returned Captain Davenal. "There was no other trouble connected with the family, except mine. I suppose you mean that it was connected with them?"

"Yes."

"With which of them? There was no scapegoat in it except me."

"It was connected with Dr. Davenal," said Oswald reluctantly. "I cannot say more."

"With my father? Nonsense, if you mean anything wrong. A more upright man never breathed. Fancy him sending forth bad bills!"

"I could not fancy him doing so," replied Oswald. "The matter had nothing to do with money."

"I'll lay all I am worth it had to do with me, with my business," impulsively spoke Captain Davenal. "I will tell you how it was—"

"Nay, it is not worth while," was Oswald Cray's interruption, as he thought how very different a thing was Lady Oswald's unhappy death from the topics under discussion. "Believe me, you had not, and could not have had, anything to do with the real question."

"But I'll tell you now I have begun. I and my choice friend, as I thought him then," Captain Davenal spoke with scornful bitterness, "got into an awful mess together, and could not get out of it. No matter whether it was gambling or horse-racing, or what not; money we were compelled to have. King assured me on his honor that in three weeks' time he should be in the possession of several thousand pounds, if we could only stave off exposure until then, and in an evil hour I yielded to his persuasion, and wrote my father's name. The suggestion was King's, the persuasion was King's, the full assurance that all would be well was King's. I don't say this in extenuation of myself; the guilt and madness of yielding were all mine. Well, the days went on, and when the time came, and the thing was on the point of exploding, King had not got the thousands he had counted on; moreover, I found that his expectation of getting them had been from the first very vague indeed, and we had a desperate quarrel. The sneak turned round; threatened me with exposure, with ruin, and I had to go down and confess the truth to my father. He saved me. Saved me at the sacrifice of all he had, and—I fear—of his life."

There was a pause. Oswald had grown strangely interested. Captain Davenal continued.

"I shall never forget the effect it had upon him, never, never. I speak only of the hour of the communication; I never saw him after that. I told him there might be trouble with these bills, to get them at all; that even with the money in hand to redeem them, I was not sure the consequences could be averted from me. I saw the change pass over his face; the gray, scared look; and it did not quit it again."

"Where did you see him?"

"At Hallingham. I went down at some peril, after leave had been refused me at headquarters, getting to Hallingham about eleven o'clock on a Sunday night. I stayed an hour or so with my father in his study, and then went back to the station again, for I had to be at my post on duty the following morning. No one at home knew of my visit. I tapped at my father's study window and he let me in. Before I left, I asked to see Sara. I knew quite well, though they did not, that I should not go down again, and I did not care to leave for years without saying a word to her, so my father fetched her down from her room. We did not tell her the particulars, only that I had been doing something wrong, was in danger, and that my visit to Hallingham must be kept quiet. My poor father! I remember his asking in a burst of feeling what he had done that all this trouble should fall upon him. Another great trouble had befallen him that night in the death of Lady Oswald."

"Yes?" said Oswald with a calm manner but a beating heart. His thoughts were in that long past night, and Neal's description of it.

"It was very dreadful," resumed Captain Davenal, alluding to the matter of Lady Oswald. "My father was sadly cut up. Mark Cray had killed her, through administering the chloroform."

Oswald felt his heart stand still, his face flush with a burning heat. He moved nearer to Captain Davenal, his voice quiet still.

"Did you say *Mark* administered the chloroform?"

"It was Mark. Yes. My father said he had especially forbidden Mark Cray to give her chloroform. Mark in the course of the day had proposed doing it, but the doctor warned him that chloroform would not do for Lady Oswald. When all was ready, he, (my father) had to carry Lady Oswald's maid from the chamber in a fainting-fit, and when he got back to it he found Mark had administered the chloroform, which he had taken with him surreptitiously, and was commencing the operation. The doctor said he could not make out Mark Cray that night. He was beginning the operation in so unskillful, so unsurgeon-like a manner that my father had to push him away as he would have pushed a child, and go on with it himself. But they could not recover Lady Oswald."

Oswald made no remark. He felt as one stunned.

"It struck me as being a most shocking thing," continued Captain Davenal. "I remarked to my father that it seemed like murder, and he said yes, he supposed the world would call it such."

"But why did not Dr. Davenal declare the truth—that it was Mark who had given the chloroform?" interrupted Oswald. "Why suffer himself to rest under the imputation?"

"What imputation? There was no imputation to lie under. All the world supposed the chloroform had been rightly and properly administered, according to the best judgment of both of them."

True; true. Oswald Cray had been speaking in accordance with his own private knowledge, not with publicly-known facts.

"My father kept the secret for Mark Cray's sake. If it went forth to the world, he said it would blight Mark's professional career for life. He told me the facts, but he intended to keep them from all others, and he warned me not to divulge them. I never did. I am not sure that I should feel justified in telling even you now, but that Mark is no longer in his profession. My poor father made the remark that they were two heavy secrets for his breast to keep, mine and Mark Cray's."

The murmur of the words fell upon Oswald's ear, but he was as one who heard them not. A weighty amount of self-reproach was rising up with him.

PART LV.

THE BARGAIN SEALED.

The scales so long obscuring Oswald Cray's eyes had fallen from them, and he saw the past in its true colors. The one wondering question that seemed to press upon him now was, how he could ever have doubted Dr. Davenal. Above his own self-reproach; above the bitter feeling of repentance for the wrong he had dealt out to her whom he best loved on earth; above his regrets for the late years wasted in a miserable illusion; was his remorse for having so misjudged that good man, misjudged him even to his grave. He saw it all now; how when he questioned Dr. Davenal about his motives for administering the fatal medicine, he had taken the odium upon himself for Mark's sake: not even to him, his brother, would he, in his loving kindness, betray Mark.

Never had the pride, the self-esteem, of Oswald Cray received a blow like unto this. He had plumed himself on his superiority; he had cast off Dr. Davenal as one unworthy of him; he had dared in his self-sufficiency to cast off Sara. Her father was a man of suspicion, and therefore she was no fit mate for him! Whereas Oswald now learnt that it was his own brother who was the offender, Dr. Davenal and his daughter were the victims. The full value, the Christian conduct of that good man was patent to him now; the patient endurance of Sara became clear to him.

He lifted his hat and wiped the moisture from his brow as he walked through the streets, all these considerations doing battle in his brain. The winter's day was cold, but Oswald's brow was hot; hot with inward fever. He was on his way to Miss Davenal's, to seek a conference with his half-brother: there were one or two questions he would put to him. He had taken his hat and come out the moment Captain Davenal left him: business and all else gave way before this.

Mark Cray came to him, in the dining-room. Mark found it (between ourselves) rather tiresome to sit in his wife's sick room, and Mark was very apt to doze asleep at his post. It was from a charming dream of greatness—in which some grand scheme of Barker's had succeeded, and he and that gentleman were sailing about the atmosphere in a triumphal car of gold, looking down with complacency on the poor toiling mortals in the world below—that Dorcas had aroused him. Mr. Oswald Cray was in the dining-parlor waiting to see him: and Mark, after a stare at the girl, descended, pushing back his clustering hair, which had disarranged itself in his sleep.

Oswald was not sitting; he stood near the fire; and when he spoke it was in a quiet tone.

"I have a question to ask you, Mark. It relates to the past. Who—"

"Oh, never mind the past," interrupted Mark, in a half testy, half careless sort of tone. "I'm sure there's enough worry in the present, without going back to that of the past. I wish that horrid mine had been sunk a thousand fathoms deep, before I had had anything to do with it. I daresay I shall pay you back sometime!"

"It is not about the mine I wish to speak to you, or of payment either," calmly rejoined Oswald. "But, Mark, I want the truth from you—the truth, mind—upon another subject. It was you, was it not, who gave the chloroform to Lady Oswald?"

Mark made no reply, either truthful or otherwise. The question was so exceedingly unlike any he had expected that he only stared.

"It was supposed I know at the time to have been administered by Dr. Davenal. But I have reason to believe that it was administered by yourself, during his temporary absence from the chamber, and against his sanction. Was it so, Mark?"

"I suppose you heard this from the doctor himself at the time?" was Mark Cray's remark.

"I beg you to answer me, Mark. What you say shall go no further."

"Well, yes, it was so," said Mark, "though I'm sure I can't think why you want to bring up the thing now. I did give her the chloroform, but I gave it for the best. As I was to perform the operation I thought I had a right to exercise my own judgment, which was opposed to the doctor's. I was very sorry for the result, but I did it for the best."

"I wish you had told me the truth at the time, Mark. You suffered me to believe that the chloroform was given by Dr. Davenal."

"And what difference did it make to you which of us gave it?" was Mark Cray's reply, not an unnatural one. "You may guess that it was a thing I did not care to speak of. So long as it was assumed we gave the chloroform conjointly, in accordance with ordinary practice and our best judgment, nobody could say a word; but if it had been disclosed that I gave it by myself, on my own responsibility, I should have had the whole town carping at me."

Oswald had nothing further to say. He could not tell the bitter truth—that this miserable misapprehension had wrecked his hopes of happiness, had been making an iceblock of his heart in the intervening years.

Not only in the dining-parlor of Miss Davenal's house was there a conference being held at that hour, but also in the drawing-room above: and but for the all-absorbing nature of his own thoughts, Oswald Cray had not failed to hear the sounds. Captain Davenal had got Neal there, before his aunt. And Mr. Neal was slipping out of all accusations as smoothly as an eel.

The group was noticeable. Miss Davenal in her chair, upright and angry, only partially understanding the cause of the commotion; Captain Davenal standing, open and impetuous, talking very fast; Neal full of suavity and self-possession, all his wits in full play; and Sara sitting apart in silence, her cheek bent upon her hand. Captain Davenal charged Neal with everything, general and particular. Neal had his plausible answer ready to meet it all.

The interview was drawing to an end, and little satisfaction had been derived from it. Poor Miss Davenal's ears were in a mazed condition: desks, letters, [illegible] to Sara touching a Mrs. Wentworth, and a hundred other charges, jumbling incoherently upon them, nothing being clear. Neal denied everything.

"You did tell Miss Sara that the young woman was my wife," cried Captain Davenal, indignantly.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Neal, respectfully. "I said I felt quite sure she was not, that there must be some mistake. Miss Sara perhaps will remember that such was my opinion."

"At any rate, you said the young woman made the charge," persisted Captain Davenal, irritated at the smooth coolness.

"I did, sir. I understood the young woman to make it. She—"

"But she never did make it," interrupted Captain Davenal.

Neal shrugged his shoulders in submissive expostulation, meant for Mrs. Wentworth.

"It may suit the young woman's purpose to say so now, sir. I fear she is not very strict in her adherence to truth; but she certainly did make it at the time. However, sir, I am quite willing to take the blame upon myself, to allow that I misunderstood her."

"Why, you have not the face to tell me that you have gone on believing it?"

"Oh dear no, sir. I was very soon afterwards convinced that the thing was a mistake altogether."

"And pray why had you not the honesty to say so to Miss Sara Davenal?"

"I'm sure I should have been happy to say so, sir, had I possessed the least idea that it would have been welcome. But, after the first blush, the matter appeared to be so very absurd, that I never supposed Miss Sara would give to it a second thought. If my silence has caused any uneasiness, I can only say how very sorry I am for it."

"Who *is* the young woman?" helplessly cried Miss Bettina. "And pray, Neal, how came it, if you had anything of the sort to say, that you did not say it to me? I am the proper person to hear these things; a young lady is not."

Neal advanced a step to his mistress and spoke in his low, clear tone.

"It was not my intention to speak to Miss Sara at all, ma'am, or to you either; I should not have thought of doing such a thing. But I could not help myself when Miss Sara questioned me upon the point."

All that was reasonable and feasible, and Miss Davenal nodded her head in approbation, but her nephew, the captain, got in a passion, and insisted that Neal should be discharged there and then.

Neal was quite ready to go, he said, civilly courteous, if his mistress saw fit to inflict upon him so severe a step. He was unconscious of having done anything to merit it. Perhaps she would be pleased to particularize his offence.

"He is a villain, aunt," broke forth the captain, intemperately, before Miss Bettina could speak. "I believe he has been one ever since my father took him into the house. He has opened letters, and unlocked desks, and altogether played the part of deceit. He *shall* go."

Neal interrupted, humbly begging the captain's pardon. He could most truthfully assure his mistress that he had done nothing of the sort; he had never opened a letter in the house, except his own; had never touched a desk but to dust it. If Captain Davenal could mention any one distinct charge, he should be glad, as it would allow him the opportunity of refutation. No. His conscience acquitted him. He should quit the house—if he did have to quit it—with a clear character, and he thought his mistress would acknowledge that he did so. In the one little point concerning Mrs. Wentworth, he might have been in error; first, in too readily giving ear to what she said; next, in not having again spoken to Miss Sara to set the doubt at rest in her mind. They were mistakes certainly, and he deeply regretted them.

"Neal," said the captain, too hot-headed to maintain his dignity, "I'd a hundred times over rather be an open villain than a sneak. Why, you know you have been nothing but a spy from the very moment you entered the house. Aunt Bettina, listen! Before the regiment went away, I got into a little trouble, upon which I found it necessary to consult my father, and I went—

"A little what?" asked Miss Bettina.

"Trouble. A little difficulty."

"Oh, ah, yes," said Miss Bettina. "You were always getting into it."

"Not such as that," thought the captain. "Well, I had to go down to Hallingham," he continued aloud, as he bent to her. "I did not care that any of you should know it, and I got down one night unexpected by my father. I was with him in his study for some time, and went back so as to be at duty the next morning. Would you believe,"—pointing his finger at Neal—"that yon honest fellow was a spy upon the interview?"

Mr. Neal was a little taken by surprise, and Sara looked up astonished. But the man was not one to lose his impassibility.

"He was at the window, looking and listening; not I believe that he could see and hear very much. And he afterwards went abroad and told of the interview: told that his master had a secret visitor at night. You little thought, Mr. Neal, that the visitor was myself, or that I should ever bring it home to you."

Neal, all unconscious innocence, gazed straight forward into Captain Davenal's face.

"I have not the least idea what it is that you are speaking of, sir. My recollection does not serve me upon the point."

"Oh yes it does," said Captain Davenal. "A subtle nature such as yours cannot forget so easily. Happily, he to whom you carried the tale of the evening was a trustworthy man; he kept his own counsel, and told you Dr. Davenal's visitors were no business of his or of yours. I speak of Mr. Oswald Cray.

"Mr. Oswald Cray?" repeated Neal, plunging into reflection. "On my honor, sir, I have not the least idea what it is you can mean. A visitor at night to my late master in his study? Stay, I do remember something of it. I—yes—I was outside, taking a mouthful of fresh air preparatory to retiring to rest, and I saw some one—a stranger I took him to be—come stealthily in at the gate, and he was afterwards shut in with my master. I'm sure, sir, I beg your pardon even at this distance of time, if I was mistaken. I feared he might be a suspicious character, and I think I did go to the window, anxious for my master's personal safety. I could not have supposed it was you, sir."

Was it possible to take Neal at a disadvantage? It did not seem so.

"And is was anxiety for your master's personal safety that caused you afterwards to recount this to Mr. Oswald Cray? Eh?"

"Does Mr. Oswald Cray say I recounted it to him, sir?" inquired Neal, probably not feeling sure of his ground just here.

"That's my business," said Captain Davenal, while Sara looked round to Neal. "You did recount it to him."

"All I can say, sir, is, that if I did, I must have had some good motive in it. I cannot charge my memory at this distance of time. Were I in any anxiety touching my master, Mr. Oswald Cray was probably the gentleman I should carry it to, seeing he was a friend of the family. I have—I think—some faint remembrance that I did speak to Mr. Oswald Cray of that mysterious visitor," slowly added Neal, looking up in the air, as if he were trying to descry the sun through a fog. "It's very likely that I did, sir, not being at once myself upon the point."

Captain Davenal was losing patience. It seemed impossible to bring anything home to Neal with any sort of satisfaction. At the close of the captain's interview with Oswald Cray, the latter had mentioned—but not in any ill-feeling to Neal—that that functionary had spoken to him of the night interview at Dr. Davenal's; had said he was outside the window at the time. Oswald had not said more; he deemed it well not to do so; but Captain Davenal had become at once convinced that it was but one of Neal's prying tricks. He turned to Miss Davenal.

"Aunt Bettina, this is waste of time. In nearly the last interview I ever had with my father, he told me he had doubts of Neal. He feared the man was carrying on a game of deceit. I *know* he has been doing it all along. Will you discharge him?"

"I can't understand it at all," returned Miss Bettina.

"*I'll* enlighten you one of these days, when you are not very deaf, and we can have a quiet half-hour together. Sara, what do you say?"

Sara rose from her seat, her cheek flushing, her voice firm.

"Neal must leave, Aunt Bettina," she said, bending down to the deaf ear. "Edward is quite right."

Miss Bettina looked at them all in succession. Had she believed the accusations, she would have discharged Neal on the spot, but she doubted them. She had thought there was not so faithful a servant in the world. And he looked so immaculate as he stood there.

"I don't go out of the house this night until he has left it, Aunt Bettina," resumed the captain.

"This night!" echoed Miss Bettina, catching the words. "I can't let Neal go without warning, leaving us without a servant. Who is to wait upon us?"

"You shall have mine, aunt; one I have brought home with me—"

"No," said Miss Bettina, resolute in the cause of justice. "Neal, I will not part with you in that hasty manner. I cannot judge yet between you and Captain Davenal. That you must leave is obvious, but you shall have the proper month's warning."

Neal stepped up, all suavity.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am, you are very kind, but I could not think of remaining a day to cause unpleasantness in the family. I had better go at once. I have my feelings, ma'am, although I am but a dependant. My conscience tells me that I have served you faithfully."

"I think you have, Neal."

"I have indeed, ma'am, and I hope it will be remembered in my character."

"Don't send to me for one," impetuously broke out Captain Davenal. "And now, Neal, the sooner you are out the house the better. I shall keep my word: to see you away from it ere I quit it myself."

Neal bowed: he could but be ever the respectful servant: and retired. Miss Davenal was bewildered. What with parting with Neal, what with being left with nobody to replace him, she could not gather her senses. Captain Davenal sat down. First of all promising her that the servant he spoke of should be in the house before night, to remain with her until she was suited with one, he next began to enlarge upon Neal's delinquencies, and try to make her comprehend them.

Sara silently left the room. It was altogether a painful subject, and she did not care to hear more of it now. She went down into the dining-parlor, her movements slow and quiet: since Mrs. Cray's increased danger, noise had been avoided in the house as much as possible. Some one was standing up by the mantel-piece, his back towards her; in the dusk of the room—for evening was drawing on—Sara took it to be Mark: and yet she thought she had heard Mark's step in his wife's chamber now, in coming down the stairs. This gentleman was taller, too! He turned suddenly round, and the fire threw its light on the face of Oswald Cray.

She stood a moment in surprise, and then went up to him, holding out her hand as to any ordinary visitor, and saying a word of apology that he should have been left there unannounced. A strange expression; an expression of deprecation, almost of humility, sat on his features, and he did not touch the offered hand.

"I waited to see you," he said. "I came here to see Mark, who has been with me."

He stopped suddenly. His manner, his looks were altogether strange. Sara thought something must have happened.

"What is the matter?" she asked. "You look as if you had some great care upon you."

"And so I have. That care that arises from shame and repentance; from finding that we have been upon the mistaken road of wrong; been treading it for years."

She sat down, quietly, timidly, looking to him for an elucidation, half frightened at his emotion.

"I wish to have an explanation with you, Sara. I want—if it be possible—forgiveness. And I don't know how to enter upon the one, or to sue for the other."

She had rarely seen him otherwise than calmly self-possessed. Generally, especially of late years, he was cold almost to a fault. And now he was as one blazing with an inward fire: his lips were scarlet, his brow was flushed, his voice quite hoarse with emotion.

"In the years gone by, I—I—threw you up, Sara. While I loved you better than anything on earth, knowing that you were the only one upon it who could ever awaken the passion within me, did I live to [illegible], I voluntarily resigned you. That night in the Abbey graveyard at Hallingham, when we accidentally met—you have not forgotten it—I told you that I could not marry you; that you were not fit to be my wife. Hush! it was equivalent to it. Sara, how can I stand now before you and confess that I was altogether under an error; that in my pride, my blindness, I had taken up a false view of things, and was acting upon it? Can you see my shame, my repentance, as I say it to you?"

"I don't understand you," she gasped, utterly bewildered.

"Will you so far pardon me—will you so far trust me after all that has occurred—as to give me this one single word of explanation? To whom did you attribute the cause of my acting in the way I did? Whose ill-conduct was it, as was supposed, that had raised the barrier between us?"

She hesitated, not perhaps caring to reply.

"I have had an interview to-day with Captain Davenal," he resumed, in a low tone. "He has given me the details of the unhappy business he was drawn into—the forged bills: I am so far in his entire confidence. Will that help you to answer me?"

"It was that," she said.

"That alone?"

"That alone. There was nothing else."

"Well, Sara, can you believe me when I tell you that I never heard of that business until to-day? That Captain Davenal had nothing whatever to do with my course of action?"

Indeed she looked as though she could not believe him. What else, then? she asked. Who had? Under what impression had he acted?

"Ah, there lies my shame! Sara, I dared—I dared to attribute ill-conduct to another," he cried, with emotion. "In my pride and folly, in my mind's delusion, I presumed to set myself up for a judge over one who in goodness might have crushed me to nothing. I shall *never* get over the remorse during life."

"You—did not—attribute ill-conduct of any sort to me?" she said with white lips.

"To *you!* To you whom I have ever believed to be one of the best and truest women upon earth!—whom I have regarded through it all with an amount of respect unutterable! No, no. But the question serves me right."

She laid her hands one over the other as she sat, striving to keep her feelings under control. Praise from him was all too sweet yet.

"Oh, do me justice so far, Sara. While I gave you up, I knew that to my heart and judgment none were like unto you for goodness: I know that if my obstinate pride, my spirit of self-sufficiency did but allow me to marry you, you would be the greatest treasure man ever took to himself. Can you tolerate me while I dare openly to say these things?—can you believe that I am pouring them forth in my humiliation? I have loved you deeply and fervently; I shall love you always; but even that love has scarcely equalled my admiration and my respect."

"But who else, then, could have had any counteracting influence?" she returned, after a while.

"I dare not tell you."

"There was only Edward. I had no other brother. No one else could have done anything to bring shame upon—oh, surely you cannot mean papa!" she broke off, the improbable idea flashing over her.

"Don't ask me, Sara! In mercy to myself."

"Papa who was so good?" she reiterated, paying no heed to his words in her wonder. "He was so just, so kind, so honorable! I think if ever there was a good man on earth, who tried to do as God would have him, it was papa. It is impossible you could suspect anything wrong in him!"

"My object in waiting to see you this evening was, first, to make my confession; secondly, to ask you to be more just, more merciful than I have been, and to forgive me," he rejoined, in a low tone. "I must add another petition yet, Sara: that you would generously allow this one point to remain as it is between us."

"But I think you ought to tell me," she urged. "Did you indeed suspect papa?"

"Yes."

"But of what?"

"Ah, don't press me further, Sara, for I cannot tell you. A singular accident led me to doubt Dr. Davenal's conduct—honor—I hardly know what to call it—and there followed on this a chain of circumstances so apparently corroborative of the doubt, that I thought I had no resource but to believe. I believed, and I acted upon the belief: I judged him harshly; I treated him coldly; I gave up you, my dearest hope and object in life; and this day only have my eyes been opened, and to my shame I learn that the whole thing, as regarded him, was a delusion. *Will* you—will you generously let my confession rest here?"

"Papa would not have done as Edward did," she whispered.

"No, no, it was not anything of that nature. Money and money-matters had nothing to do with it. It was an entirely different thing. I am so ashamed of myself that I cannot *bear* to speak of this further. Surely I have said enough? It was a mistake, a misapprehension altogether: and the greatest act of kindness you can do me now is to let it rest here."

She sat gazing at him with questioning eyes, nearly lost in wonder.

"Yes, the impression under which I acted was a false one. There existed no cause whatever for my estranging myself from you. But for my own unpardonable credulity, I need never have given you up: and the past years of anguish—and I know they have been full of anguish to both of us—ought not to have had place. I was misled by an unfortunate chain of events: and nothing remains to me but shame and repentance."

There ensued a silence. Sara was standing on the hearthrug now, and he took his elbow from the mantel-piece, where it had been resting, and moved a step towards her.

"Can I ever hope for your forgiveness?"

"It seems to me that I have nothing to forgive," she answered, in a low voice. "If circumstances misled you, you could not be blamed for acting upon them, according to your belief."

"Sara!"—he laid his hand upon her shoulder and his voice shook with the intensity of its emotion—"may I dare to hope that you will let me in my future life strive to atone for this?"

"How atone for it?" she faltered.

"Will you generously look over the past folly?—will you suffer it to be between us as it used to be?—will you be my wife at last?"

She trembled as she stood, the conscious light of love mantling in her cheek and in her drooping eye. Mr. Oswald Cray held her before him, waiting and watching for the answer, his lips parted with suspense.

"My brother's crime remains still," she whispered. "A memento of the past."

"Your brother's crime! Should you be punished for that?—for him? And what of my brother?" he continued, the revelation of the day imparting to his tone a whole world of remorse, of self-condemning repentance. "What disgrace has not my brother brought to me? Oh, Sara; should the ill wrought by these two part us? It never ought to have done so. Let us stand alone, henceforth, you and I, independent of the world! Don't try me too greatly! don't punish me, as in justice you might!"

For a moment her eyes looked straight into his with a loving, earnest glance, and then dropped again.

"I will be your wife, Oswald," she simply said. "I have never tried to forget you, for I found I could not."

And as if relief from the tension of suspense were too great for entire silence, a faint sound of emotion broke from Oswald Cray. And he bent to take from her lips that kiss, left upon them so long ago in the garden-parlor of the old house at Hallingham. (CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

The Autocracy of Hair Dressing.

The two great hair-dressers of the day at Paris are Felix and Petris. The former has been the empress's hair-dresser since the time of her elevation to the throne until a few months ago, when he lost his post through having weakly yielded to the seduction of an enormous bribe, allowing a lady of the court to have a duplicate of the head-dress made for the empress, which duplicate the lady in question vowed, by all the saints in the calendar, not to let any human eye behold in Paris, promising to take it off with her to the south of France that very day, instead of which she wickedly postponed her journey, and made her appearance at the Tuilleries, wearing a *fac-simile* of the empress's headgear. Though Felix, by thus violating his engagement never to let any one have a copy of anything he should invent for her majesty until after the latter had worn it, lost his place and the handsome emoluments attached to it, he is still the first "artist" of Paris in his own line. But he is an absolute despot, and suffers no customer to have any voice as to what he shall do with her hair. A few evenings ago, being in attendance on the Duchess of ——, he entered her dressing-room, as usual, with the air of an autocrat.

"What dress do you wear to-night, madame?" inquired Felix, leisurely drawing off his white kid gloves, as he approached the dressing-table, on which was laid out a magnificent set of coral ornaments.

"A white moire antique," replied the duchess.

"White moire," said the artist, with a dissatisfied shrug; "the moire is very commonplace. All the butchers' wives wear white moire."

"My dress is really very beautiful," returned the duchess, humbly, "and certainly you wont see many butchers' wives with such lace as that," she continued, with a wave of her hand toward the opening door, through which her maid was entering, with the dress extended, its lustrous tissue almost hidden under the splendid overskirt of *point de venise*.

"With the lace it may pass muster," deigned to say the artist, with a second shrug; "but, as for the coral, it will not be becoming to your style of face."

"But, Monsieur Felix, I am so fond of it! I thought of asking you to dress my hair, with double braids, and these beautiful coral beads twisted in the braid."

"But, madame, your fancies are nothing to me. I can only dress your hair according to my own inspirations, not according to yours. It is I, and not you, who am your hair-dresser. Coral is heavy, anglican; fit only for Creoles. A wreath of pomegranate blossoms would become you admirably."

"Nevertheless, Monsieur Felix," murmured the lady—

"If you have not confidence in me, madame, call in another artist! I am responsible for the good looks of my clients!" returned the *artiste* haughtily, drawing on his gloves, and moving toward the door. The moment was critical. In another minute the capillary autocrat would have re-entered his elegant *coupe*, and have been on his way to the dressing-room of some more pliant "client."

"Justine!" said the duchess, addressing her maid, "take away these ornaments, and bring the box of pomegranate flowers."

"And a few diamonds," added the autocrat, replacing the gloves in his pocket, and taking up a comb.

The only hair-dresser who pretends to dispute the supremacy of Felix is Petris, the hair-dresser of the Grand Duchess of Baden, who passes his existence in a state of vibration between Paris and Baden. Petris is in reality as autocratic as Felix, but he is the most adroit and delicate of flatterers, never assumes an air of command, but contents himself with leading instead of driving. If Petris is about to ornament the head of a brunette, he takes occasion to remark that all the great historic women were dark, and expatiates on Miriam, Judith, Semiramis, Lucretia, Rachel, Malibran, and so on, dwelling on their majestic brows, crowned with a diadem of jet. If Petris happens to be operating on a blonde, he admiringly remarks, "When God created a companion for Adam He gave her your hair and lustrous tresses; and if any proof were needed of the superiority of your shade of hair, it would be found in the fact that among our old German ancestors the brunettes powdered gold dust among their dark locks." If he be called to give the aid of his art to ladies among whose black or golden hair the silver lines are beginning to show themselves, he reminds them that white hair was the "rage" in the time of Louis XV., and prophecies a speedy revival of the same preference. "In a short time all the ladies will wear powder, and you will see how charmingly becoming this fashion will be for your smooth and graceful forehead." The inexhaustible flattery of the Grand Ducal hair-dresser has an agreeable and acceptable comment for all his customers.

☞ The Paris ladies appear disposed to adopt, for winter costume, very short petticoats, very high boots, and plaid stockings. Many so accoutred may be seen on the Boulevards.

☞ A coroner's jury in Boston returned as a verdict in the case of a woman who died suddenly, that "she died from congestion of the brain, caused by *constipation*."

FROM THE CALIFORNIA GOLDEN ERA.

COURTING AN EMIGRANT FEMALE IN WASHOE.

BY DAN. D. QUILLE.

Our Washoe bachelors are always on the *qui vive* during the last months of summer and the first and second fall months, when the emigrant trains are rolling in off the plains with whole swarms of sun-browned damsels.

The girls have all heard that the chances for getting husbands are "awful good in Washoe." They know there are "sights" of chances, so they begin primping shortly after passing Independence Rock, and by the time they strike the waters of the Carson they are in a perfect state of wiggle.

My friend Condrick wanted a wife.

He wanted a piece of "unsophisticated calico from the states."

He talked much of when the trains would arrive and of pretty emigrant girls.

He swore he would "gobble one up this fall, sure."

At last it was reported that a big train was camped on the Carson, two miles beyond Dayton.

Condrick mounted his mustang and departed with alacrity.

The report proved true, and what was better, "Women absolutely abounded" as Condrick afterwards informed me in his enthusiastic way.

He rode among the tents and wagons, ostensibly much concerned to know exactly the state, county and town from which each family hailed, but in reality taking notes of the fine points of all the marriageable looking females in the camp.

At last he struck one that suited him to a dot.

Long afterwards, he said to me with a great sigh, which he tried to smother in a laugh, "Oh! she was a clipper! Trim as a gazelle; lithe as a willow; cheeks which (though sun-browned) showed a peachy ruddiness; with eyes! ah! such great brown swimming eyes!—that drove your soul down into your boots, dragged your heart up into your throat and left you speechless and slaughtered.

To this sumptuous female Condrick laid siege.

His progress was good.

As the shades of evening settled down upon valley and hill, he and his charmer took a stroll.

As they walked along the meandering banks of the Carson, the full face of the moon rose up from behind the eastern hills. All nature seemed filled and quivering with love.

Love danced in the rays of moonlight that glanced on the stream; the willows rustled their leaves to the passing breezes and so sweetly told the story of their love that even the restless winds were for awhile enticed to linger, forgetful of their journey; enamored night-hawks were skimming the love-laden air in voluptuous circles, rays of languishing light gleaming in answering flashes from their lazy wings; crickets, peeping from their holes in neighboring hillocks, chirped to each other in mellow, tremulous notes the ripe and gushing lover of their surcharged hearts; beetles, crazy with love, thundered hoarsely their plaints of the tender pain that racked their mailed bodies, and the sweet honeydew of Heaven fell softly into the heart-cup that each meek plant held trustingly up.

The sympathetic hearts of the lovers acknowledged the tender influences surrounding them, and shared the sweet thrills with which all nature quivered.

Slowly the pair, in fond discourse, wandered on.

What throbs of affection stirred Condrick's heart!

What fires of love burned in Condrick's eyes.

As his charmer leaned trustingly upon his arm, Heaven seemed to descend and rest on the lower and nearest hills.

As the murmur of a bee in a rose was her voice to his soul.

Seating themselves on a grassy bank, they gazed together on the darkling eddies of the gliding stream.

In glowing colors Condrick painted for the fair being by his side a picture of the wonderful wealth hidden within the rocky vaults of the Whipporwill mine.

Charmed by his eloquence and absorbed in the contemplation of the picture he placed before her, she forgot all else and gradually her beautiful head drooped—drooped lower and lower—and finally rested upon his bosom—his manly chest.

Great Heaven! a thrill darted through his frame and so affected him that it was only by a tremulous effort that he could smother the volcano of emotions swelling within his bosom.

He felt a desire to bound to his feet and utter a wild whoop!

But he didn't.

No; he constrained his emotion; he resisted the impulse.

Her head was now fairly and snugly nestled upon his breast.

As she lay gazing into his handsome face, her parted tresses, of richest brown, fell backward in affluent waves from her broad forehead, unkissed by the sun and of marble texture and whiteness. Her great liquid eyes looked into his and he gazed down into their unfathomable depths till all the past, all the future seemed to centre there.

Heaven came down still lower and rested on the valley.

But this could not always last. He felt that it could not. She seemed expecting something.

Her great eyes closed wearily and the silken fringes of their curtains rested on her cheek.

He was happy as he was, but he could not be as he was forever.

She seemed to have the same thoughts.

She slightly raised her head. Its pressure on his chest was not so great as formerly.

He was distressed. Would she rise? Was he about to lose her?

The thought was agony.

His head grew dizzy. He felt himself standing on a precipice.

He was losing his balance.

He was toppling over.

Courage!

He gasped—gasped out his tale of love.

It was not a long one.

But it was to the point.

She sighed—sighed a long, long, tremendous, convulsive sigh.

But she said nothing.

In a murmuring tone, he asked her if she hadn't some feelings of the same kind for him.

She put her arms about his neck, and hiding her sweet face in his shirt front, sobbed out in a broken voice that that was what ailed her.

Heaven let go all holds, and fell at his feet.

Here followed several deep, searching, delicious kisses.

[For the gratification of my lady readers, and that they may know the exact number and duration of these kisses, I have put them all down. They were as follows, the stars representing their number, and the dashes the duration of each:—
******—*——*****———**———*-*-*——— *——**——————***—**——————
——*. It will be observed that the last one was of immense length. It has a tail to it like a comet. I am not sure that it was not even longer than I have represented. Condrick is not even sure about it. He thinks about here he was insensible for a time.]

After all these kisses came an awkward pause.

The situation to be sure was not an unhappy one.

But again my friend felt that it was time for something more.

He had made the leap from one precipice—another was before him.

He was tottering to its brink.

He must speak of marriage.

How would she take that?

She had acknowledged that she loved him.

Good!

This gave him courage.

He gasped and chokingly gulped out the question—in fear, and with his eyes slightly closed.

She clasped him more tightly about the neck, and sighed deeply.

Poor Condrick! all sorts of fears attacked him.

The very blood in his heart seemed congealing.

He felt a drop of something moist fall on his hand.

At first he thought her nose was bleeding.

He held his hand aloft in the moonlight, and on it beheld a glittering tear.

He felt better then.

His heart gave a great leap, and he said:—"Thank Heaven!"

He was now much encouraged.

He again made inquiry as to her love for him.

She said then, in words, that she loved him—"Oh! so, so much!" which for a time comforted him greatly.

Condrick now began to urge immediate marriage.

She objected, but clung more closely to him, and said, "Wait awhile."

Condrick wanted to know if there was any obstacle to their immediate union.

She kissed him [****——*———*—————*] and said there was a slight one.

He then tenderly kissed her [**———*] and asked if they could not be married in a week.

She raised her great swimming eyes to his face, and gazed fondly upon him, but said nothing.

Her pouting lips were in tempting proximity to his own, [***——*——*———*.]

He now repeated his question, when in an agonized voice she cried out:

"Oh! dear, I can't tell! I've got a phthisicy old cuss of a husband out in one o' them wagons, and he's just spiteful enough to live a month yet!"

Condrick is still a bachelor.

He had a bad spell of something like mountain fever the next day after he visited the emigrant train—at least, he went off into the mountains, and shunned mankind and womankind for about two months.

But he is all right now.

A TIGER FRIGHTENED BY A MOUSE.—A traveller gives the following anecdote of a tiger kept at the British Residency in Calcutta:—But what annoyed him far more than our poking him with a stick, or tantalizing him with shins of beef or legs of mutton, was a mouse introduced into his cage. No fine lady ever exhibited more terror at the sight of a spider than this magnificent royal tiger betrayed on seeing a mouse. Our mischievous plan was to tie the little animal by a string to the end of a long pole, and thrust it close to the tiger's nose. The moment he saw it he leaped to the opposite side, and when the mouse was made to run near him he jammed himself into a corner, and stood trembling and roaring in such an ecstasy of fear that we were always obliged to desist, in pity to the poor brute. Sometimes we insisted on his passing over the spot where the unconscious little mouse ran backward and forward. For a long time, however, we could not get him to move, till at length, I believe by the help of a squib, we obliged him to start; but instead of pacing leisurely across in his den, or of making a detour to avoid the object of his alarm, he generally took a kind of flying leap, so high as nearly to bring his back in contact with the roof of his cage.

☞ REASONS FOR REFUSING TO FIGHT.—M. Gallenga, the Italian M. P., and late Times correspondent in Denmark, has arrived back at Turin. He found awaiting him a challenge to fight a duel, caused by something he had said in Parliament. In reply he said—"I formerly refused to subject myself to a barbarous usage too long prevalent among us, to the detriment of Parliamentary dignity and to the liberty of speech." The courage necessary for the refusal being tenfold that of accepting, M. Gallenga is worthy of the highest commendation. In Paris—and perhaps in France, in general—duelling has lost caste, and "gentlemen" have set their face against it, adopting the English tone in this, among other good things they imitate.

☞ According to a California paper they have a queer currency in Owensville—acorns. Business men get along very well until the Indians began to lay up their stores, when the currency became deranged, and a panic ensued!

☞ Mrs. Francis L. Clayton, now in Maine, enlisted in the army at St. Paul, Minn., with her husband, in 1861, and fought by his side till he was killed in the battle of Stone River. She was in eighteen battles; once a prisoner, three times wounded—in hand, hip, and knee; and at her husband's death made known her sex to her general and was discharged. After that she walked ninety-three miles, from Lexington to Louisville.

☞ An Ohio editor recently took a contemporary to task for copying choice scraps from his editorial columns and not giving *credit* for them. The contemporary replied by saying he "did not do a credit business!"

☞ RECEIPT FOR LONGEVITY.—A most impudent cheat has been put upon the Parisian public. A person advertised in all the papers that he had an infallible receipt to attain long life, which he was willing to communicate to anybody who would send him twenty-five cents in postage stamps. They received in return this method of longevity:—"Get yourself elected a member of the French Academy. All members attain great age. For instance—M. Dupin is 83; M. Berryer is 76; M. Guizot is 78, &c."

A New Swindle.

Yesterday afternoon a singular-looking man, apparently the owner of a wagon and two fast horses, attracted considerable attention in Broad street, near Market, by proceedings which appeared at first to indicate a deranged mind. He stopped the conveyance on one of the corners, and, holding up a genuine one-dollar greenback, urged some one to buy it for seventy-five cents. This was looked upon with distrust, but finally a man ventured to invest. The purchase money, however, was at once thrown back to him, with the greenback. Several other similar transactions took place, the purchaser in each case receiving his greenback and the seventy-five cents. Postal currency, of the value of twenty-five and ten cents, was also sold for less than its value, and the purchase money returned.

This naturally appeared to be a good speculation, and an anxious crowd was soon gathered, when the eccentric individual, after throwing out a handful of five cent notes, displayed a quantity of jewelry, at the same time asserting that he was the largest dealer in jewelry in Great Britain, and that he "understood his biz," and "loved to give things away." Rings, lockets, &c., were sold for a small amount, and the money invariably returned with the article. The demand soon became greater than the supply, when the "madman" announced that he would drive to the next corner and show his audience a new style of doing business. At the corner of Clinton street he brought out a number of lockets, which he said were cheap for five dollars.

Instantly the coveted bills were passed up to him, one man in his ardor handing up ten dollars and calling for two lockets. Those who were short endeavored to borrow five dollars, everybody believing the money would be returned. About a dozen were sold at five dollars each, when the man called out, "Look, away!" and before the crowd could gather their scattered senses, the horses were leaving them behind at the rate of a mile in three minutes. Upon examination, the lockets were found to be worth about fifty cents a pound, and the whole transaction was understood, especially that part which referred to the humbug—"loved to give things away." We understand that the same swindle was successfully carried on in Trenton, New Brunswick, Rahway, and other places.—*Newark Journal.*

A Thoughtful Boy.—A certain Sunday School teacher in New York was in the habit of taking a collection in his juvenile class, for missionary objects. He was not a little surprised one day to find a country note among the weight of copper. He was not long in finding it to be of a broken bank; and on asking the class who put it there, the donor was pointed out to him by one who had seen him deposit it. "Didn't you know that this note was good for nothing?" said the teacher. "Yes," answered the boy. "Then what did you put it in the box for?" The boy coolly replied, "I didn't 'spose the little heathens would know the difference, and thought it would be just as good for them."

☞ Touching Incidents.—Many incidents of a sad and touching interest transpired during the Coroner's investigation of the late railroad catastrophe near Lafayette, Ind. Several of the soldiers killed were returning home, expecting to be married in a few days and letters and photographs of their intended wives were found upon their persons. One man had upon his person the letters of his wife. She wrote in fond and affectionate terms of his expected return, and the glad anticipations of the little ones. He had stopped at Indianapolis and bought a number of toys.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The Flour market is unsettled and dull, and 25@50c ⅌ bbl lower. Sales 19,000 bbls extra and extra family at $10@11,50 for the former, and $10@12,25 for the latter; 1,000 bbls fancy western at $12,50@13, and a few small lots common and good superfine at $9,50@10,50 ⅌ bbl. Rye Flour—Sales at $9@9,25 ⅌ bbl. Of Corn Meal a sale of 200 bbls Pennsylvania was made at $7,50, and 400 bbls Brandywine at $8,25. Buckwheat Meal is selling at $5@5,25 the 100 lbs.

GRAIN comes in slowly, and Wheat, like Flour, is unsettled and 5@10c lower. Sales 40,000 bushels, mostly reds, at $2,50@2,65 for fair to prime quality, and 2,55@2,60 for southern; white ranges at from $2,70 to 2,85, the latter for choice Kentucky. Rye is quiet, and sales at $1,68@1,73. Corn—Sales of 20,000 bushels at $1,70@1,84 for yellow, and $1,75@1,78 for white. Oats—30,000 bushels southern and Pennsylvania at 88@90c.

PROVISIONS—The stocks of all kinds are very much reduced; sales of 500 bbls to note at $40@42 for Mess Pork, and 100 bbls Beef Hams at $36; Mess Beef ranges at $20@23 for country and city packed. Killed Hogs are selling at $15@16 the 100 lbs. Bacon moves off slowly at 20@22c for Hams; 19@20c for Shoulders, and 20@21c for Sides. Green Meats are quoted at 19@21½c for Shoulders and Hams, in salt and pickle. Lard is wanted at 22@24c for tcs and 25c for kegs. Butter is selling moderately at 35@45c for Pennsylvania and Ohio packed; Roll is worth 40@45c; prime Goshen is held at 50@55c. Cheese is selling at 18@25c ⅌ lb for Western and New York State. Eggs are worth 43@45c ⅌ doz.

COTTON is 3@5c lower, with a few small sales at 130c for ordinary and 135@140c for middling quality.

ASHES—Both kinds are unsettled and dull.

BARK—Sales 20 hhds Quercitron at $45 for 1st No 1. Nothing doing in Tanners' Bark.

BEESWAX—Good yellow is nominally held at 73@75c ⅌ lb.

COAL—The market is dull for the season. Prices $9@9,50 ⅌ ton on board at Richmond.

COFFEE—The market is 1@2c lower; sales 800 bags Rio at 44@47, and Cape at 43@44c.

FEATHERS—Good Western are quoted at 87@90c ⅌ lb.

FRUIT—Sales Green Apples at $3½@4½ ⅌ bbl. Dried Apples sell at 9@11c ⅌ lb. Cranberries; sales at $13@16 ⅌ bbl. Dried Peaches; sales 30,000 lbs quarters at 19@20c ⅌ lb for unpared, and 30@30c for pared.

HOPS are dull at 43@50c for new Eastern and Western.

IRON—Pig is less inquired for; we quote Anthracite at $30@50 ⅌ ton, cash, for the three numbers. Scotch Pig is quiet, Blooms and Boiler Plates are also quiet.

LEAD—Sales of 1500 pigs Galena at $16 the 100 lbs, cash.

LUMBER—The receipts are light and the market dull, with moderate sales of shipping Boards to note at $30@31; Susquehanna do at $30@32; and Lehigh Hemlock Boards at $22. White Pine Shingles are quoted at $23@25 ⅌ M

MOLASSES is unsettled and lower.

PLASTER is quoted at $4.50@5 ⅌ ton.

RICE is quiet at 13½@13¾c for Rangoon.

SEEDS—There is very little Clover or Timothy offering. The former is in request at $12,50@13, and the latter quiet at $5 ⅌ bus. Flaxseed is taken at $3,50 ⅌ bus.

SPIRITS—There is very little doing in Brandy and Gin. N E Rum is selling at $2,15. Whiskey is unsettled at $1,77@1,78 for Penna and Western, and $1,75 for Drudge.

SUGARS are 1@1½c lower. Sales 400 hhds, mostly Cuba, at 19¼@22c, on time.

TALLOW—Sales city at 17½@18c, and country at 17@17½c ⅌ lb.

WOOL—The market is firm, about 100,000 lbs have been disposed of at 70@75c for unwashed; $1@1,10 for washed fleece, and $1,15@1,20 for tub.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2800 head. The prices realized from $9 to 15,00 ⅌ 100 lbs. 2000 Hogs at from $15,00 to 17,00 ⅌ 100 lbs. Sheep—4000 head were disposed of at from 7 to 8½ cts ⅌ lb. 90 Cows brought from $35 to 70 ⅌ head.

Marmaduke's Captor a Boy.—The rebel General Marmaduke was captured by a little boy belonging to one of the Kansas regiments. He at first refused to surrender to an "inferior officer," but was immediately persuaded to do so. The lad brought him to General Curtis's headquarters, where he introduced himself, much to the surprise of all, but especially to the boy hero. General Curtis asked the boy how long he had to serve before his term of service would transpire. The reply was, "eight months." The General immediately wrote him a furlough for that time, and presented him with the horse, revolvers, belt, and sabre of the rebel general.

☞ Hissing to show disapprobation is of great antiquity. Though Shakespeare makes very few allusions to the practice, he speaks very plainly of it in the "Merry Wives of Windsor:" "If I do not act it, *hiss me.*" It was used to public speakers some nineteen centuries ago, as appears from the following passage in Cicero's letters. Speaking of the orator Hortensius, Cœlius thus describes the success of his eloquence:—"It is worthy of observation, that Hortensius reached his old age without once incurring the disgrace of being *hissed.*"

Purchasers may rely upon getting the best *Furs* at Chas. Oakford & Sons, Continental Hotel.

Cox's Tonic Elixir is invaluable to sufferers from Sick Headache and Nausea or sickness of the stomach. One trial will demonstrate its efficacy.

Cox's Tonic Elixir will relieve those subject to restlessness at night. Principal Depot, Samuel C. Hart, Druggist and Chemist, 24 South Second st., below Market. For sale by Druggists generally.

Gentlemen's Hats.—All the latest styles at Chas. Oakford & Sons, Continental Hotel.

Brown's Bronchial Troches

"*Contain no opium nor anything injurious.*"
Dr. A. A. Hayes, Chemist, Boston.
"*An elegant combination for Coughs.*"
Dr. G. F. Bigelow, Boston.
"*I recommend their use to Public Speakers.*"
Rev. E. H. Chapin.
"*Most salutary relief in Bronchitis.*"
Rev. S. Seigfried, Morristown, Ohio.
"*Very beneficial when suffering from Colds.*"
Rev. S. J. P. Anderson, St. Louis.
"*Almost instant relief in the distressing labor of breathing peculiar to Asthma.*"
Rev. A. C. Eggleston, New York.
"*They have suited my case exactly,—relieving my throat so that I could sing with ease.*"
T. Ducharme,
Chorister French Parish Church, Montreal.

As there are imitations, be sure to obtain the genuine.

Ladies' and Children's Hats.—All styles at Chas. Oakford & Sons, Continental Hotel.

Soldiers, see to your own health, do not trust to the army supplies. Cholera, Fever and Bowel Complaint will follow your slightest indiscretion. HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT should be in every man's knapsack. The British and French troops use no other medicines. If the reader of this "notice" cannot get a box of Pills or Ointment from the drug store in his place, let him write to me, 80 Maiden Lane, enclosing the amount, and I will mail a box free of expense. Many dealers will not keep my medicines on hand because they cannot make as much profit as on other persons' make. 35 cents, 88 cts., and $1.40 per box or pot. Sold by all Druggists.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's
FURS.
The largest and best stock in the city, at
Charles Oakford & Sons,
Continental Hotel, Philadelphia. oct29-12t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At York, Pa., Nov. 2d, by the Rev. Sylvester Eagle, Charles E. Woodward, M. D., of N. Jersey, to Lila, daughter of the late Geo. Templeman, Esq., of Georgetown, D. C.

On Tuesday, 15th instant, at the residence of the bride's parents, by the Rev. E. W. Hutter, Jacob H. Armbruster to Nellie, only daughter of Wm. F. Potts, Esq., both of this city. No cards.

On the 7th of June last, by the Rev. J. Crowe, Mr. John Cairns to Miss Agnes Cumpston, both of this city.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. Thomas McCluskey, of Indianapolis, to Miss Elizabeth Riley, of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. Charles F. Mecke to Miss Annie Ashford, both of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. T. W. J. Wylie, D. D., David W. McElroy to Jennie, daughter of Geo. Gordon, Esq., both of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. W. Sterritt, Mr. John Pentland to Miss Jennie Britton, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. E. E. Adams, J. B. Stanhope to Gertrude Howell, daughter of the late Caleb Howell, Esq., both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 15th instant, Mrs. Francis Hess, aged 57 years.

On the 14th instant, Warner Draper, in his 25th year.

On the 14th instant, Patience Richards, in her 82d year.

On the 14th instant, William Denney, in his 14th year.

On the 14th instant, Mrs. Jane Taylor, in her 76th year.

On the 13th instant, Mrs. Elizabeth Jacobs, in her 93d year.

On the 12th instant, Samuel Johnston, in his 44th year.

On the 12th instant, John Haas, in his 54th year.

On the 15th instant, William D. Walker, in his 34th year.

On the 11th instant, near Emily, Bucks county, Pa., William Miller, in his 53d year.

On the 10th instant, Mrs. Ann Eliza, wife of Henry Steward, in her 41st year.

EYRE & LANDELL OFFER WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
Best show of MERINOES in town.
Best show of POPLINS in town.
Best show of SILKS in town.
Best show of SHAWLS in town.
Best show of CLOAKS in town. mar12-1y

$70 A MONTH! I want Agents everywhere, at $70 a month, expenses paid, to sell *Fifteen Articles*, the best selling ever offered. Full particulars *free*. Address OTIS T. GAREY, Biddeford, Maine. nov26-3m

WANTED.—SEWING MACHINE AGENTS! Everywhere, to introduce the new *Shaw & Clark Family Sewing Machine*, the *only* low price machine in the country which is *licensed* by Grover & Wilson, Howe, Singer & Co., & Baker. Wheeler [illegible] and Bachelder. Salary and expenses, or large commissions allowed. All other Machines now sold for less than forty dollars [illegible] are *infringements*, and the seller and user *liable*. Illustrated circulars sent *free*. Address SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine. nov26-3m

CANCERS CURED.
CANCERS, TUMORS, WHITE SWELLINGS, &c., &c., cured without pain or the use of the knife. Send for Circular, free of charge. Address
Drs. BABCOCK & TOBIN,
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oct8-3m

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Thirty cents a line for each insertion.
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602 CHESTNUT STREET,
Has now on hand a very large stock of
WATCHES,
JEWELRY, and
SILVER-PLATED WARE,
Selected expressly for the coming HOLIDAY TRADE, which are being sold at extraordinarily low prices. We have a large stock of the following goods:

Gold Watches,
Silver Watches,
Ladies' Watches,
Gents' Watches,
Boys' Watches,
American Watches,
English Watches,
Swiss Watches,
Gold Vest Chains,
Gold Chatelaine Chains,
Gold Neck Chains,
Gold Pencil Cases,
Gold Pens,
Gold Toothpicks,
Gold Thimbles,
Gold Armlets,
Gold Bosom Studs,
Gold Sleeve Buttons,
Gold Watch Keys,
Gold Pins, Gents',
Gold Pins, Ladies',
Gold Pins, Misses',
Gold Pins, Chatelaine,
Gold Ear Rings,
Gold Finger Rings,
Gold Scarf Pins,
Gold Bracelets,
Gold Lockets,
Gold Charms,
Gold Watch Hooks,
Silver Thimbles,
Silver Napkin Rings,
Silver Fruit Knives,
Silver Fob Chains,
Silver Vest Chains,

SILVER PLATED WARE.
Plated on genuine Albata metal,
and warranted!

Tea Sets,
Cake Baskets,
Fruit Baskets,
Card Receivers,
Butter Dishes,
Syrup Pitchers,
Sugar Dishes,
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Dinner Casters,
Pickle Casters,
Spoon Holders,
Waiters,
Urns,
Salt Stands,
Goblets,
Cups,
Call Bells,
Napkin Rings,
Fish Knives,
Pie Knives,
Ice Cream Knives,
Cake Knives,
Crumb Knives,
Children's Knives,
Children's Forks,
Children's Spoons,
Oyster Ladles,
Soup Ladles,
Table and Dessert Spoons,
Tea, Sugar and Salt Spoons,
Tea and Dinner Forks.

PLATED JEWELRY.
We have on hand a large lot of fine plated Jewelry, which we are closing out at cost prices to make room for other goods. Those wishing goods in our line would do well to call and examine our stock before purchasing. All goods warranted, as recommended.
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Every Piano Warranted for Five Years.
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THE MOST POPULAR PIANO SONGS.

'Twas Evening, at the Window. *Hoffman.* 30
"'Twas evening, at the window
Were we, my Love and I."
Do they pray for me at Home. *Fiske.* 30
"O oft in foreign lands
As I see the bended knee,
Comes the thought, at twilight hour,
Do they ever pray for me."
I'm lonely since my Mother died. *Thompson.* 30
"I'm lonely since my mother died,
Tho' friends and kindred gather near."
I live for those who love me. *Clark.* 30
"For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the dawning in the distance,
And the good that I can do."
Tenting on the Old Camp Ground. *Kittredge.* 30
One of the very best soldier's songs published.
I'd Choose to be a Baby. The best Comic Song of the season. 30
Copies sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.
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LIGHT AND LUCRATIVE EMPLOYMENT.
Twenty young men wanted. Send red stamp. For particulars in full. HENRY ATWOOD,
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SEND 50 CTS. FOR THE COMIC WORLD. Useful and Laughable. Address Box 1, Marietta, Pa. 1t

ALL COMPLAINTS OF THE EYES CURABLE.—Just arrived from the world-renowned University of Gottingen. I am in possession of a remedy which surpasses everything which has been invented up to the present time. I have a right to [illegible] that I can claim the full confidence of the re[illegible] believe [illegible] spected public.
Dr. LOWENKERZ, New York.
Philadelphia—310 [illegible] FOURTH St. nov5-
Price $2 per bottle.

WHEELER & WILSON'S
HIGHEST PREMIUM
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SEWING MACHINES,
No. 625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

These Machines are now sold, with valuable improvements, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table,	$45
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	50
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	55

No. 2 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	[illegible]
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	[illegible]
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	[illegible]
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	[illegible]
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	[illegible]
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	[illegible]
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	[illegible]
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	[illegible]
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

TERMS, CASH.

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $45) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a Premium for The Lady's Friend and The Saturday Evening Post—see Prospectus. Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

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319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

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B. FRANK PALMER,
Surgeon-Artist to the Medical Colleges and Hospitals; Author of New Rules for Amputations; Inventor of the "Palmer Arm," Leg, &c., has removed to
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IMPORTANT TO ALL INVALIDS.
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STRENGTH, VIGOR, AND NEW LIFE
into all parts of the system. Pamphlets free.
J. P. DINSMORE,
491 Broadway, New York.
Sold by all Druggists. oct15-3m

THE BOWEN MICROSCOP[illegible]
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[illegible] mailing 500 times, mailed for 50 Cents. Three for $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN, Box 220, Boston, Mass.
nov26-

ATLAS OIL COMPANY.
CAPITAL $1,000,000.
OFFICE, NO. 524 WALNUT STREET,
ROOM NO. 30.
200,000 Shares. Par Value $5.
Subscription Price, $2.50.

1st. This Company owns (1-8) one-eighth land interest in Lot No. 31, on HYDE AND ROBERT FARM, containing about one acre, on which is situated the JERSEY WELL, now flowing about (350 bbls.) three hundred and fifty barrels per day.

This interest is situated on the celebrated HYDE AND ROBERT FARM, which has proved itself to be one of the great Oil Basins, a large flowing well of some twelve hundred barrels having been struck within a few days.

2d. The one sixty-fourth (1-64) working interest in lots 7 and 8 on HYDE AND ROBERT FARM, known as the KEYSTONE LEASE, on which there are two producing Wells, known as Keystone Wells 1 and 2, and another Well in process of boring, and from the well-known character of the property we have every reason to expect a second Jersey Well.

This interest is also situated on the above-mentioned Farm, and a well is now being tested on these lots with every indication of being a very large well. In fact, when the above mentioned was struck, it was the general impression that it was the NEW KEYSTONE WELL.

3d. The one-half working interest, being one-fourth of all the Oil produced, from RAILROAD WELL, on MILLER FARM, on OIL CREEK, now producing about twenty barrels per day. The Oil from this well commands a higher price than any other Oil on the creek, on account of its superiority for refining purposes. The Company have ordered one of the new Patent Air Pumps, and it is confidently expected that when it is in operation it will bring the yield up to some *one hundred barrels per day.*

4th. One-twentieth working interest in "REKED TOWN LEASE," on the celebrated STORY FARM, containing three and one-third acres.

The working interest have bought a new Patent Blower for a well on the lease that did produce large quantities of Oil; and as there is also a new well on the lease, the yield to the Company will be largely increased.

5th. Fifty acres in fee simple on CHERRY RUN, about one and one-half miles above the celebrated "REED WELL," nearly one half of which is bottom land. On adjoining lands above and below there are a number of derricks going up, and wells in process of boring. The character of CHERRY RUN property has been fully tested. Every well sunk has produced more or less Oil. The AUBURN WELL yields 150, PRINCE WELL over 150, and a number from 50 to 100 *barrels of Oil per day.*

The books of the Company are still open for a limited number of subscriptions at their Office, No. 524 WALNUT Street. Room No. 30.

The present yield of Oil to this Company is (60) sixty barrels of Oil per day.

GEORGE H. ASHTON, President.
F. W. Wilstach, Secretary. nov19-6t

CORNELIUS & BAKER,
710 CHESTNUT STREET,
Have the pleasure to announce that they are now prepared to furnish
A NEW STYLE OF GAS FIXTURE,
SUITABLE FOR
DWELLINGS, STORES, OFFICES, &c.
WHICH CAN BE
LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY.
nov5-4t

A WATCH FREE,

And $15 to $20 per day, made easy, selling our *Latest Novelty*, now creating such an *Immense Sensation* and extraordinary demand throughout the *Army* and Country. The *Great, New, and Wonderful* Prize Port-folios. Extra Large. Size 7 by 12. *Just Out.* Each of which contains *Several Dollars' Worth* of useful and *Valuable Goods*, Prizes, &c. Price only 25 cents. Articles that Soldiers and Families *cannot do without*. Thousands sold every day. Soldiers can clear a *Month's Pay* in one day. Agents wanted in every town, village and camp for this *Standard Article*. A splendid *Gold or Silver* Watch presented *free* as a premium to every Agent. This is the greatest money-making and surest business of the day. Profits *very large*. Sales rapid. *We guarantee* any agent $15 per day. All goods forwarded, with premiums, *same day* the order is received. Catalogues, with wholesale prices and *Premium Inducements*, sent *free*.
S. C. RICKARDS & CO.,
102 Nassau St., N. Y., *Sole Manufacturers.*
nov5-13t

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It reduces the most angry-looking swellings and inflammations, heals
OLD SORES, WOUNDS, BURNS, SCALDS,
&c., &c., as if by Magic. Only 25 cents a box. By mail 12 cents extra. Sold by J. P. DINSMORE,
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A Pamphlet directing how to speedily restore sight and give up spectacles, without aid of Doctor or medicine. Sent by mail free on receipt of 10 cts.
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$50,000!!! CHEAP WATCHES AND JEWELRY at Wholesale. Sellers, Country Merchants, Peddlers, and general traders supplied at immense bargains. Watches and Jewelry of every description in any pattern or quality, and in any quantity constantly on hand and made to order. Estimates of any class of work furnished. Good Canvassing clerks wanted. Prices and full descriptions free.
Address T. & H. GAUGHAN,
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DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in s[illegible] (upon the smoothest face,) without st[illegible] or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by [illegible] to any address, on receipt of [illegible] order.
R. G. GRAHAM,
109 Nassau street, New York City.
[illegible]-tf

AGENTS WANTED.—$10 per day clear profit. For particulars, enclose red stamp to WM. EARL, 1[illegible] White St., New York. oct[illegible]

WIT AND HUMOR.

Rules for Conduct in Street Cars.

For Men.—*First*—Sit sidewise: this position, besides taking up much space, will place the back against one immediate neighbor, and thrust the knees against the other.

Second—Cross the legs and trip up any one who may pass, and have your boots dusted by clean skirts.

Third—In crossing the legs, let the toe of your boot strike the shin of your opposite neighbor.

Fourth—Spit frequently on the floor: when a number of men engage in this performance, it shows a unanimity quite novel in these rebellious days.

Fifth—Sit with an arm behind the back of one of your neighbors; it will render it necessary for him to sit bolt upright; besides, the effect from the street is very friendly. In the case of a lady, it must be very gratifying to her friends to observe that a stranger has taken her under his kind protection.

Sixth—Bully the conductor for some fault of the company. It is perfectly safe; he is paid to be civil, and he has to bear so much in his long tour of duty, that a little additional cannot make much difference.

For Women.—*First*—When one of your own sex enters, contract your skirts as little as possible, after having scrutinized her critically so as to ascertain her social position.

Second—Skirts being always clean, particularly about the edges, arrange them so as to spread over two or three people on each side.

Third—If a man relinquish his seat in your favor, do not acknowledge his politeness. To do so would prove that you are not used to civility.

Fourth—Children being as attractive to the world at large as to their own parents, allow them, with shoes or sticky fingers, to make affectionate demonstrations to strangers.

For Both Sexes.—The disposition of parcels so as to be in other people's way, and of umbrellas so as to drip on any one but yourself, is almost too obvious to mention. We conclude by remarking, that as self-preservation is nature's first law, so the first law of good breeding is to make one's self as comfortable as possible, regardless of the consequences.

◆

Josh Billings on the Cat.

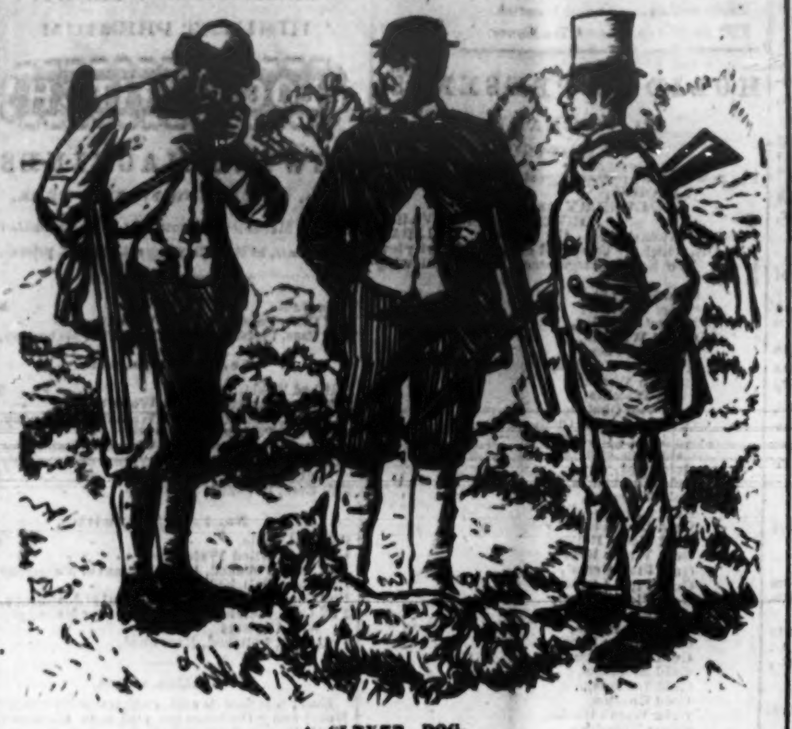
I have studdyed cats clusely for years, and hav found them adikted tew a wild state. They haint got affeckshun, nor vartue of enny kind: the will skratch their best *friends*, and won't ketch mice unless they are hungry. It has bin sed that tha are good to make up into sassages; but this is a great mistake. I have bin told by a sassage maker tha don't kompare with dogs. Ther is one thing sartin, they are very anxious tew liv. Yu ma turn one inside out and hang him up bi the tale, and as soon as you are out ov sight he will manage to turn a back summerset, and cum around awl right in a few days. It is very hard work to looze a cat. If one gits carried oph in a bag bi mistake a grate ways into the kuntry, they won't sta lost enly a short time, but soon appear, tew make the family happy with their presence. Old maids are very fond ov cats, for the reason, I suppose, that cats never marry if tha have ever so good a chanse. There is one thing about cats i don't like; if yu step on their tales by ackaident they git mad rite oph, and make a grate fuss about it. There is anuther thing about them which makes them a good investment for poor folks. A pair ov cats will yield each year, without any outlay, something like eight hundred per cent. It is a very singular fack that cats don't like a mill-pond; i never knew one tew git drowned by acksident. Tha luv cream, but it seems to be agin their religgin tew tetch soap. Cats and dogs have not bin able tew agree on the main question, tha both seem to want the affirmatiff side tew cust. I think if I could hav mi way there wouldn't be enny more cats born, unless tha could show a certificate ov good moral karakter. There is one more thing about cats which seems tew me tew be awl affecktashun, and that is making sich a noise under a feller's window at nights, and then kall it musik. If i was to hav mi choice between a cat and striped snake, i would take the snake, bekause i could git rid of the snake by letting him go. There ain't no sartin way to kill a cat; if yu git one worked up into sassage, and you think you are awl rite, jist as likely as not tha will cum to and take off a whole lot of good sassages with them. These are mi views about cats, rather hastily hove together, and if i hain't sed enuff agin them, it is only bekause i lack the informashun.

Balmy.—Elder T——, having occasion to preach in the town of Gilead, chose what he fancied the appropriate text: "Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there?" He tells the result: "It happened that among my hearers was an old hero who had lived a great many years in the family of the village doctor, and nothing could rile the fellow so quick as the mere suggestion that the doctor didn't know everything. Every time I repeated the text I noticed the old darkey manifested much emotion, which I attributed to the peculiar fervency of the African temperament; but warming with the subject, I repeated the text with unusual pathos—'Is there no balm in Gilead, and is there no physician there?' Old Pomp could stand it no longer—and, springing to his feet, said:—'Don' know nuffin' 'bout de *balm*, massa, but dere's jes' good doctor here as dere is in de world.'"

Appropriate.—Parson Twing, of New Hampshire, had just married a lady whose Christian name was Desire, and it being in his course of remark on a certain Sabbath to illustrate the difference between the renewed and the unrenewed man in the exercise of love, he delivered himself, to the amusement of his audience, in this way:—

"Formerly I had no Desire to love, but now I have a Desire to love, and I love freely."

☞ There is an allegorical story current, that once, immediately after Theodore Parker had parted from Ralph Waldo Emerson on the road to Boston, a crazy Millerite encountered [illegible], and cried: "Sir, do you not know that [illegible] is coming to an end?" Upon which [illegible]: "My good man, that doesn't [illegible] in Boston." The same same to [illegible] Emerson, announced in the world; upon which [illegible] will get along [illegible] of it, sir; [illegible] glad without it."



A CLEVER DOG.

Young Finsbury (after a morning's rabbit shooting with some country cousins).—"Hullo, Wichard, does this little quadwuped belong to you? Because—"

Richard.—"Yes—she's a clever little thing; so I generally take her—"

Young Finsbury.—"Because, 'stwikes me, I've been shooting at it all the morning!"

Living Diamonds.

M. Pasteur has placed under the eyes of his colleagues of the French Academy, a little flock of six insects from Mexico, which had great success from the curiosity which they inspired.

These insects are rather large—three centimetres long at least—of a chocolate brown color, and are pyrophorous, or at least, luciferous. They have, in effect, above their eyes, two sorts of luminous protuberances of great brilliancy, which make them resemble opals of the greatest purity. The effulgence shed in darkness by these organs, the nature and composition of which are not yet known, is sufficient, it appears, to admit of reading by its light. Under certain circumstances, the insect can, at will, disguise its light by means of a membrane which it draws over it.

The Mexican ladies use this beetle as an ornament. It is called *Cucujo* by the Spanish, which is easily understood on beholding it, for there are no precious stones to be compared for color, purity, and luminous lustre, with the protuberances of this insect. This insect, once captured, becomes an object of the greatest care and solicitude. Inclosed in cages of very fine brass ware, the *cucujos* are fed on fragments of sugar-cane, or leaves of maize, and bathed in pure water twice a day. This last precaution is indispensable to the preservation of their health. The bath replaces the morning and evening dew. The Mexican pyrophors, which live in considerable quantities in the environs of Vera Cruz, where the Indians take them by balancing coals heated to a white heat at the end of a stick, thus become real domestic animals. They deserve better than any other creature the title of ornamental. They are jewels, without need of using metaphor to give them that name.

To use them in dress, they are placed in the evening in little bags of light tulle, and then disposed, according to the taste of the wearer, upon the skirts of dresses, like diamonds, and mingled with artificial flowers and humming-birds' feathers. Ladies also place them in their hair by means of pins passed between the head of the insect and its corslet, an operation which is harmless to the insect, as may be seen by any one who has played with the stag-beetle in childhood.

◆

What Is Politeness?

A Yorkshire farmer had a niece visiting him from a large neighboring town, in which her parents were in rather needy circumstances, but proud as well as poor: they never could express their needs to the jovial, country brother, whose open heart and well-filled purse would have been at their service. Annie, enjoying the comforts and abundance of the flourishing farm-house, longed to send a tithe of her enjoyment in the form of a present to her mother; so out of the various little incomes allowed her from the sale of small articles of farming produce to purchase her clothing, Annie denied herself many a necessary and many a little ornament in dress, with which her uncle liked to see her beauty adorned. The good aunt discovered Annie's self-denial, and imparted the information to her husband.

The worthy farmer was much affected; as quickly as his portly frame would admit of procedure, he went to his niece's apartment, and laying a well-filled purse upon the table before her, exclaimed:

"Dang the lass, why dunnot thee ask for what thee wantest, and not go pinching thee-self in the midst o' plenty?"

Annie was dismayed, but, prompted by her innate delicacy and tact, she saw that to refuse this unwelcome gift would grievously pain her blunt, but kind-hearted relative. With crimson and distressed brow, she took up the purse and thanked her uncle, but from that time half the pleasure in the anticipation of her gift vanished.

Who can deny the kindness evinced by the bluff Yorkshireman? But as to politeness, there was ten times more shown by Annie, who pocketed her wounded feelings with the purse, rather than hurt the sensitive heart of her uncle.

☞ **A Correct Answer.**—In one of the Sabbath school concerts, on Sunday, says the Newburyport Herald, a clergyman asked if any of the scholars could tell who was David's grandmother. Thereupon a little girl responded—"A woman, sir!"

☞ Idyls of Battle is the title of a volume of poems, just published, the author is Miss Laura C. Redden, who is deaf and dumb. Our readers may have seen some of her productions under the *nom de plume* of Howard Glyndon.

☞ The largest single payment ever made an author was the check for £20,000 paid by the Longmans to Macaulay, for the third and fourth [illegible] of his History of England.

AGRICULTURAL.

How to Get Rid of a Rock.

Uriah Abell was a Connecticut farmer, and in his time a pretty good one. His farm, like a great many other Connecticut farms, was full of stones, and he delighted to clear them off out of the way of the plough. He built a great many rods of substantial stone wall, but he could not use up all the stone. He had cleared one field of all but one great boulder, about the size of a large hay-cock. He wanted to get rid of that. He would have "blown it to flinders," as he had a good many others, but it was within two rods of "the best room" windows, which might go "to flinders" at the same time. So he attempted to haul it out of its bed one day. After tiring his own and his neighbor's oxen, and breaking several chains, Uriah grew wrathy, and declared that "he would give $5 to any one that would put that pesky rock out of his sight."

"Wa'al neow, I don't mind taking the job if you'll find a spade and throw in some dinner, and a mug of cider along in the afternoon."

This proposition was made by a stranger who had just then come up. He was a fair specimen of a working Yankee, and Uriah dropped the broken chain and turned square round to look him full in the face.

"Yes, I'll give it, and the dinner and cider too, but I won't pull my oxen again at that stone, no how."

"Don't want you should. I'm to put the stone out of sight, make all smooth about here, so you can plough right along. That's what I'm to do, ain't it?"

"Yes, that is all I want. I don't care how you do it, but if you fail I don't pay anything, do you understand? Very well, then come in to dinner."

That done, and a large cud of tobacco adjusted, the Yankee threw off his coat and took up the spade. He gave a look at the stone to see which way it would tip easiest, and then commenced digging a hole on the lower side, large and deep enough to bury the boulder quite out of sight. In three hours he got out and took a careful measurement, and then dug a little more upon one side. Then he went to the wood pile and got a stout stick of wood, which he planted firmly with one end in the bottom of the hole and the other bracing against the rock. Then he began undermining, and worked till he saw the dirt begin to give, and found that the rock was resting upon his brace.

"Now," says he, "I think that I will take that mug of cider."

Uriah, who had been watching him, ordered out the cider with a right good will. He even offered to add "some doughnuts and cheese."

While the Yankee was wiping away the perspiration and drinking his cider, Uriah brought his oxen around and hitched a chain to the wooden prop.

"I did say I wouldn't pull my oxen again, and I don't mean too, cause it only needs a smart jerk."

Jerk it was, and down went the boulder, and with it a shovel full of dirt, and another and another, in quick succession, until all was smooth and level, and long before night the Yankee was ready to resume his journey.

"There," said Uriah, as he handed him the $5, "there is the best spent $5 that I ever paid for work on my farm. Won't you take another drink of cider? You are entirely welcome. I have learned something of you."

Perhaps some persons who read this may learn something—learn how to get rid of some of the boulders that encumber the surface, and which are often blasted and broken up and hauled away, "just to get rid of them," at a much greater expense than it would require to bury them where they lie, entirely out of sight.

◆

Covering Strawberry Vines.

The strawberry beds which have borne fruit this season should have been worked over a month or two ago, the surplus plants taken out, new beds established, and all the overhauling done which they will require for the year. Presuming this to have been attended to in its time, there now remains one thing more to be done before the winter sets in, and that is to cover the plants so they will be protected from the effects of frost and sun, while these two fatal contending elements are at their winter combat. Some people suppose that because the strawberry is a hardy plant, it does not need winter protection; it will *live* in a severe winter, but it is as much better for protection as the raspberry or grape, and is much more easily covered. [illegible] embryo fruit buds of the strawberry [illegible] are of the peach, [illegible] in the fall [illegible] weather, there damaged by the sever[illegible] will be a loss of the best of the fruit. The leaf germs are also all the better for protection, as they will be ready to put out earlier in the spring and elaborate the juices of the vine to push out and support the fruit buds and blossoms during their season of early growth.

The covering for strawberry beds may be any coarse litter of hay, straw, or cornstalks, put on the whole surface of the bed to the depth of an inch or two of settled covering. This will take off the edge of the wind and frost and winter sun, and keep the plants in such a state of rest and quiet, that when the spring opens and the covering is removed, they will start up as from a refreshing sleep, and go on with a vigorous and fruitful growth.—*Ohio Farmer.*

◆

Condensed Apple Juice.

The juice of apples, or sweet cider, before it has undergone any fermentation, is boiled down in vacuo, being reduced to one-seventh of its original bulk, without losing its flavor or any good quality. It has no taste of boiled cider, but is a beautiful amber-colored jelly, pleasant to eat in its simple state, particularly as a tart sauce with poultry, game, or other meats. It makes excellent pies and tarts, and may, in fact, be applied to all those uses for which dried apples or boiled cider are employed, and is much superior. Besides this, by the addition of six times its bulk of water, (the quantity originally withdrawn,) we may have sweet cider again, which will undergo fermentation as it would have done at first, but more slowly, and, like other cider, go through all the changes, until it ultimately becomes hard cider. This apple jelly is affected by exposure to the air, whether dry or moist, and neither sours, nor moulds, nor dries, nor absorbs water. Such an article, of course, bears transportation in barrels or other vessels to any part of the world. This condensed apple juice sells at thirty cents per pound this year. The cidermaking and condensing commence as soon as the apples ripen, and continue into the winter. Sweet apples yield a delicious fruity syrup, better for some purposes than the sour apple jelly.—*American Agriculturist.*

Seed Potatoes.—I was brought up in a section where we were taught that the seed ends of potatoes were the best for seed; the earliest and largest. I took medium sized potatoes, cut off the seed ends and planted together in one place, and the body of the potato in another—ground being equal—and the result was, that the seed potatoes were the first out of ground, and more in number of tops, while the body potatoes were later in coming up, but larger tops. The result at digging was *more* potatoes from the seed ends, but not so large, nor so many bushels from the same number of hills.

Again, take whole potatoes and plant the same of equal size and cut into two pieces—meaning fair sized—and the result will be in favor of the cut potatoes. This season being short of seed, I planted a bushel or so of very small "Oronos"—too small to eat—and they are equal in size to whole potatoes of larger dimensions, and turn out as well also. Therefore, if small potatoes will produce as well as the larger ones, and will not bring one-fourth as much, it is a result worth knowing.—*E. Folsom in Genesee Farmer.*

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

Polish for Furniture.—Amidst the number of recipes for furniture polish which I have tried, I have found the following a very useful one, and easily applied:—A ½ oz. of white soap grated into a new pipkin, with a pint of water, and held over the fire until the soap is dissolved. To this must be added 3 ozs. of beeswax, and ½ oz. of white wax, cut into small pieces. When all is well mixed, it is fit for use. Before applying it the furniture should be well cleaned, and while the varnish is warm a piece of flannel is dipped in it, and rubbed on the furniture. It must then remain on a quarter of an hour, when a hard brush must be applied in all directions, and some clean dry flannel or woolen cloth used for finishing with.—X. T. Y.

Game Pie.—Make a crust as for pork-pies, but not a rich one. Raise it as for the same, in an oval shape, about a foot long, 9 inches across, and 8 high. Then take the meat of partridges and rabbits, and lay in alternate layers until the pie is quite full. Rub the meat first lightly, with a small quantity of powdered mace, black pepper, salt, and cayenne. If force-meat balls are liked, a few may be added, but not too many. Cover with a lid of paste, and bake an hour and a half. Some people object to cut the meat from the bones, and prefer putting it in in joints. I always do mine the latter way, for it makes a much handsomer dish, and the meat does not shrink so much when cooked. As soon as the pie is baked, take off the lid, and pour in some good gravy (that will jelly), made with veal and ham, and seasoned according to your own taste with mace, pepper, salt, two or three cloves, and a little Jamaica pepper. Do not put on the lid again. Send it to the table with colored paper round it, cut in frills (as rolled tongues are dressed), taking care to entirely cover the paste. Pink and white, in alternate rows, look best. Do not cut the paste, but pick out the meat when serving at table.

To Roast Pork.—When you roast a loin, take a sharp penknife and cut the skin across, to make the crackling eat the better. Roast a leg of pork thus:—Take a knife and score it; stuff the knuckle part with sage and onion, chopped fine with pepper and salt; or cut a hole under the twist, and put the sage, &c., there, and skewer it up. Roast it crisp. Make apple-sauce and send up in a boat; then have a little drawn gravy to put in the dish. This is called a mock-goose. The spring, or hand of pork, if young, roasted like a pig, eats very well; otherwise it is better boiled. The spare-rib should be basted with a bit of butter, a little flour, and some sage shred small: never make any sauce with it but apple. The best way to dress pork griskins is to roast them, baste them with a little butter and sage, and pepper and salt. Pork must be well done. To every pound allow a quarter of an hour: for example, a joint of twelve pounds weight will require three hours, and so on. If it be a thin piece of that weight, two hours will roast it.

☞ In a [illegible] number of the London Times, a novel announcement of a lady's death appears, [illegible] thus: "Friends will kindly accept this announcement of her removal."

☞ The finger nails of the chief priest of the Chinese Joss House at San Francisco are actually longer than his fingers, and are twisted like an auger.

THE RIDDLER.

Miscellaneous Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 48 letters.
My 19, 47, 35, 6, 44, is a general.
My 21, 25, 32, 34, 30, 26, 23, is a verb.
My 27, 16, 17, 24, 40, 47, 37, 18, 40, is an island.
My 24, 2, 17, 21, 40, 39, 44, is a state.
My 4, 26, 47, 28, 2, is a girl's name.
My 10, 12, 11, 1, 12, 17, 18, 36, 10, is past, never to return.
My 41, 46, 35, 27, 10, 7, 38, 47, this year is.
My 32, 35, 42, is you.
My 43, 45, 6, 5, 43, is a number.
My 26, 28, 30, 13, 16, 21, are of great use.
My 1, 17, 46, 34, 1, 28, 15, is a city.
My 33, 39, are letters of the alphabet.

My whole is a noble regiment of volunteers, who went out fifteen hundred strong, and after the battle of Gettysburg numbered only about three hundred.

CARRIE OF BRANDYWINE.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 4 letters.
Omit my second, and I am a color.
Omit my 1st and 3d, and I am a boy's nickname.
Transpose me, and I am an animal.
My whole is a plant. YATES.
St. Louis, Mo.

Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A town in Russia.
A river in Europe.
A town on Long Island.
A large bird.
A lake in the United States.
A fall month.
A work by Dr. Johnson.
A quick, sharp noise.
A river in Europe.
A river in Siberia.
A town in England.
A river in Europe.

My initials form the name of a distinguished authoress, my finals that of one of her most popular works. EVA.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Would you, a pilgrim, take your way
O'er mountain, wood, and vale,
Or seeking some far stranger scene,
Across the ocean sail:
Ever be ready with my first,
If you would trouble shun,
And let all things you undertake
Be as my second done.
My whole is fraught with solemn spell,
And at its whispered tone
The cheek grows pale, and hearts are stirred,
With feelings sad and lone.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a boy's nickname.
My second is used in making hats.
My third is a near relation.
My whole is a county of Ohio.

Cincinnati, O. S. HORACE G.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A cubical vessel that is 3 feet on a side, is filled with cannon-balls that are 3 inches in diameter. How many gallons of water will it contain after it is filled with balls, and how long will it require to fill the vessel, the water flowing through an orifice that is 5-6th of an inch in diameter, when by observation I find that 2½ gallons will flow through an orifice of ½ of an inch in diameter in one second.

Mt. Carroll, Ill. ANDROS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

On the side of a mountain there stands a lofty pine, whose height is 110 feet. At the foot of the mountain there runs a river. Now the distance from the foot of the tree to the edge of the river, measured along the side of the mountain, is 625 feet, and the length of a line reaching from the top of the tree to the opposite side of the river is 910 feet. Required, the width of the river. MORGAN STEVENS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The axes of a prolate spheroid are 30 and 50 inches. An auger-hole made through this spheroid, the axis of the auger-hole coinciding with the major axis of the spheroid, was found to consume just three-eighths of its solid contents. Required, the diameter of the auger.

WALTER SIVERLY.

Oil City, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What are the only flowers in Satan's garden? Ans.—Flowers of sulphur.

☞ Why are widows who want husbands like railroads that need repairing? Ans.—Because they are ready for new *ties* in lieu of the *decayed sleepers.*

☞ Why is the author of the Pleasures of the Imagination like the colic? Ans.—Because he's Ache-inside.

☞ If a person buys two apples, and eats both, how many will yet remain? Ans.—*Of course* (cores) there will be two left.

☞ Why is a man's chin the most unlucky part of his body? Ans.—Because it is constantly getting into scrapes.

Answers to Last.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—"Give me liberty, or give me death." CHARADE—Ragamuffin. CHARADE—Window, (Wind, Ow.) TRIPLE REBUS—Seven, Night, Three, (Se Edith, Vigor, Enchase, Nitre.) RIDDLE—Yates, St. Louis, Mo.

Answer to D. Diefenbach's PROBLEM, published October 1st:—600 perches in length, 580 perches in breadth. W. Siverly.